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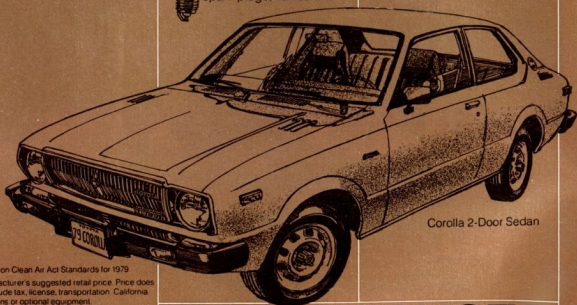
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YOU GOT IT. **TOYOTA**

A Letter from the Publisher

For a few of the TIME correspondents who contributed to this week's cover story on the energy mess, the assignment was about as exasperating as sitting in a gas line. Washington Energy Correspondent Richard Hornik, who interviewed federal officials trying to manage the crisis, found that hard facts were in shorter supply than unleaded regular. Said Hornik: "This is a story of hunches and viscera. The numbers change daily. This week's clarification becomes next week's obfuscation. The only constant seems to be panic psychology."

Another element of the story, the strike of independent truckers, proved equally elusive. Washington Correspondent Jonathan Beaty knew enough of the arcane ICC regulations to know that, say, raisins are exempt from regulation and any trucker is perfectly free to carry them, unless they happen to be covered with chocolate. Such knowledge helped, but Beaty found that the old rules and conventions are under serious attack. Says he: "The independent truckers are trying to blow apart a time-honored system, and that drives the Teamsters, the trucking industry and various politicians and lobbyists right

up the wall—all for different reasons." Atlanta's Marc Levinson found himself being driven right up the wall by the independent truckers for another reason. He was twice given wrong directions to a picketing site by truckers who, he concluded, "didn't know where they were striking."

Besides reporting the gas crunch and truckers' revolt, TIME correspondents, like other citizens, also had to find ways to live with those crises. Levinson says he had to wait



Jonathan Beaty with Truckers' Spokesman Mike Parkhurst

three weeks for his building's management to find a parking space for his personal solution to the gas crunch, a bicycle. Beaty got so tired of feeding his gas-guzzling (10 m.p.g.) truck, he now plans to "leave it forever" at his ranch in New Mexico. Then there is the plight of Atlanta Bureau Chief Joe Boyce, who was recently transferred from San Francisco. Recounts Boyce: "The moving team that picked up my furniture in San Francisco decided to sit out the truckers' strike in Arkansas. Meanwhile, my wife, three kids and I are sleeping in Atlanta on rented roll-away beds. If worse comes to worst, we may move to Arkansas to be with our furniture."

John A. Meyers

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Cover: Illustration by Robert Grossman.



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Cover: As gas lines spread and truckers rebel in the U.S., OPEC meets in Geneva, and leaders of industrial nations convene in Tokyo. The likely outcome: inflationary recession throughout the Western world. See NATION.



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SALT II: The treaty was signed in Vienna last week, but outcome of the Senate debate is in doubt. At stake: ten years of nuclear negotiations and the future of relations between the U.S. and Soviet Union. See NATION.



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Letters

Germany's Doer

To the Editors:

West Germany's Chancellor Schmidt [June 6], "the Doer," is one person we could use. His moral views, political experience and common sense about people and power are impressive. U.S. Government officials could benefit from a strong dose of such leadership.

Thomas J. Fullmer
Eugene, Ore.

The Germans have done an outstanding job all around. One can see that *Deutschland über Alles* has a new and more up-to-date meaning.

Daniel K. Ward
North Lauderdale, Fla.



Your exclusive interview with Chancellor Schmidt was so impressive that I have confidence for our Western world because he is part of it. He may be the statesman of the era.

(Mrs.) Geraldine O. Powell
Walnut Creek, Calif.

Schmidt's frosty comments about "Carter's preachy fanaticism" on human rights "raises the specter of German human rights as exemplified by Auschwitz. Schmidt should recognize that he owes his very existence to human rights as practiced by the U.S."

R.L. Carlstein
Largo, Fla.

Schmidt was a member of the Hitler Youth, but never joined the Nazi Party as an adult.

Your story is the first positive thing I have read on West Germany since I came to the U.S. as an exchange student. I usually read about how many people have visited the concentration camps during the past year, how many German war criminals have not yet been sent to prison, and so forth. To be sure, I don't want to gloss over all the things that happened in Germany during the years under the Nazis. I have to face my country's history.

But I'm very proud to live in a nation that for 30 years has been as democratic as yours.

Stefan Mielck
Windom, Minn.

The caption with your picture of "the thriving, reconstructed Essen of today," belching smoke and blanketed by ugly smog should have said: "The Ruhr city of Essen in ruins, 1979."

Zuleyma Tang Halpin
St. Louis

Are There Limits to War?

I was stunned by your straight-faced report on the military's efforts to create some travesty they call a "limited" nuclear war [June 11]. There is no such thing as acceptable or limited nuclear war.

Cindy Leichter
Seattle

How can limited nuclear war be a possibility? War is war. It is not a game of your turn, my turn. Can you really mean that if the Soviets kill a million of our people, we won't try to blow them off the face of the earth?

Jacqueline Koenig
Irvine, Calif.

It is bad enough that this country wastes over \$120 billion on defense. Now we see the Office of Technology Assessment squandering our hard-earned dollars to determine how much damage would be done. I protest!

John Thompson
San Luis Obispo, Calif.

Massive attack, limited attack—both attack the notion of sanity.

Dean C. Jacobson
Vero Beach, Fla.

Television vs. the Printed Page

I cannot agree with Essayist Lance Morrow's thesis that TV will never replace the printed word as an instrument of thought [June 11]. TV has brought a vast number of non-readers, the lazy and the functional illiterates, into the political and social process. Because they have little other information available to them, they are at the mercy of TV policymakers.

Frank Powell
Florence, Ala.

Your Essay ignored the real reason for American television's existence: to keep the consumption of worthless products up by indulging a researched public with insipid entertainment.

Joseph Simon
Milwaukee

Television doesn't create social values, it mirrors them. In fact, it is an event for TV to promote any idea that hasn't already gained wide acceptance. It's time

to stop portraying the average American as an automaton glued for six hours each day to his TV set, and cease blaming the tube for society's problems.

If a child prefers television to his parents, the fault lies within that family, not with television. If we expect perfection from the medium, we'll never appreciate its accomplishments.

David J. Stagnitto
Johnson City, N.Y.

Hostility and Sex

I am not surprised that Psychoanalyst Robert Stoller [June 4] found evidence to support the theory that sexual excitement is based on hostility. It is clear that sexual response can arise from either love or hate, depending on how people are taught to view themselves and their sexuality.

J.S. Oppenheim
Austin

Teetering on the brink of a cliff before falling into a chasm can also be termed excitement. Most of us are willing to do without it.

Ann Ganeles
New Rochelle, N.Y.

In order to buy Robert Stoller's sexual hostility theme, one has to subscribe to the idea that all women secretly want to be raped. Sure. What other stale fish are being peddled this week?

Paul Baron
Argyle, Texas

A New Melody by Baez

Lawyer William Kunstler's and Jane Fonda's refusal to sign Joan Baez's protest against Viet Nam's torture of innocent Vietnamese citizens [June 11] suggests a very selective—indeed, hypocritical—sense of morality. The inference seems to be that it is not torture itself that is evil, but rather torture perpetrated by particular political systems.

John Lahcar
Oxford, N.C.

Bravo Joan Baez! To be against war does not mean to become a partisan of the "other side." To be against Israel's bombing of refugee camps does not mean one should become a partisan of P.L.O. terrorists. To fight against white supremacy in Africa should not make one tolerant of black tyrants. It is to be a partisan of peace, liberty, human rights and social progress.

Alfred Davidohn
Locarno, Switzerland

Change of Heart on Viet Nam

How dare Jimmy Carter say that "the nation is ready to change its heart, its mind and its attitude about the men who had fought in the Viet Nam War" [June 11]. Our people feel shame and guilt not

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Letters

because our soldiers fought in Viet Nam, but because we elected leaders who sent them there and then abandoned them.

*Josephine Hubert
Northport, N.Y.*

Sweetening the Sugar Pot

Your criticism of subsidies to sugar growers [June 4] is one-sided and short-sighted. If American sugar farmers cannot meet production costs, they will be forced to quit growing sugar. The American consumer will then be entirely dependent on foreign sources, as is becoming the case with oil.

*Burchell E. Hopkin
Powell, Wyo.*

More on Antipsychotics

In describing our work on the use of urinary MHPG for predicting the response of patients to antidepressant drugs [June 4], you indicated that the test "may not be generally available for several years." This and other specialized biochemical tests useful in the diagnosis and treatment of psychiatric patients can now be obtained by physicians from the Psychiatric Chemistry Laboratory, through the New England Deaconess Hospital Department of Pathology, Boston.

*Joseph J. Schildkraut, M.D.
Boston*

Bouquets for Preservation

You've done it again in your article "The Recycling of America" [June 11]. You've given me a bouquet of nostalgia and a vicarious trip to my native city, Savannah, Ga.

Forget about the nasty remarks of Lady Astor of England after her visit to "dirty" Savannah. Savannah is beautiful.

*Margaret McCarthy McEachern
Beaufort, S.C.*

It was said of friends in a campfire song but is true of America's buildings: "Make new friends but keep the old; those are silver, these are gold."

*Mike Crain
Williamsburg, Ohio*


In your article there was one unfortunate omission of a memorable building in New York City: Carnegie Hall. My father, William Burnet Tuthill, was its architect and builder when it was erected back in 1891. No other hall built for musical performances gives the quality of sound achieved in Carnegie Hall.

Fortunately, the hall was rescued from threats to tear it down and it became a national historical landmark in 1965.

*Burnet C. Tuthill
Knoxville, Tenn.*

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Off and flapping, a contestant gets a good start at the International Flying Contest

American Scene

In Ohio: A Fowl Spectacle

The Japanese television crew is scrupulously perplexed. "Very unique," the director grins bravely, contemplating a scene his team has flown half a world to film for a Tokyo special on the *Guinness Book of World Records*.

Their perplexity is understandable. Ten feet above their cameras, a wiry man perches on a white wooden platform that stands out sharply, in the bright Ohio sun, against the green pasture beneath. His T shirt bears the words INTERNATIONAL CHICKEN FLYING ASSOCIATION, along with a picture of a chicken in full flight, wearing a flying helmet. Perched on the man's own head, helmet fashion, is a large yellow-and-white knitted chicken.

Periodically he bends down, takes a genuine chicken from the outstretched hands of someone on the ground and inserts the bird into a large rural mailbox on the platform. Then he seizes a plumb-er's helper and, like an artilleryman ram-rod-ding home a shell, nudges the chicken's tail feathers and plunges it into flight. Beneath the launching platform is a triangular corral, several hundred feet long, fashioned with snow fences. In it waits a squad of small boys cradling large fish nets. As each chicken takes flight squawking in protest and spraying feathers, a boy dashes along its trajectory to net the flyer at its point of touchdown with the skill of an Izaak Walton landing a plump trout.

For first-timers like the Japanese, it

is a stunning panorama. There are 3.6 billion chickens in the U.S. but only 170 of them have made it to the 8th Annual International Chicken Flying Contest. It is held, as usual, in the rolling hill country of eastern Ohio, on the 1,100-acre Bob Evans farm at Rio Grande, a crossroads community on two-lane Route 35 between Chillicothe and Charleston, W. Va.

Chicken flying is of a piece with turtle derbies, crab races, frog jumps, armadillo rallies and possibly even buffalo chip tosses. There is no entry fee. Owners may enter as many birds as they please. Contestants are divided among four categories according to weight, and prizes of \$25, \$10 and \$5 are awarded for the longest flights in each class, along with bright blue, red and yellow ribbons. Any chicken flying farther than the "world's record"—297 ft. 2 in., set in 1977 by a Japanese blacktail bantam named Kung Flewk—receives a cash prize of \$500. What makes it fun is the unpredictability of the chickens. Some fly straight and true, or reasonably so, like Kung Flewk. Some refuse to fly at all, even with encouragement from a plunger. Some shift into reverse on takeoff. Since chickens are not natural aviators at the best of times, in a brisk breeze they can be pitiful to behold.

The "flight director" is Dr. Glyde Marsh, an expert on poultry diseases at Ohio State University. Besides stuffing each bird gently into the mailbox, he



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"Jacob Epstein has that rarest of commodities, a sense of humor, and in *Wild Oats* he uses it to calibrate every nuance with deadpan and wickedly funny accuracy."—John Gregory Dunne

"A complete pleasure, funny and insightful."—Diane Johnson

*Kirkus Reviews

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Wild Oats

a novel
by
Jacob Epstein

American Scene

makes sure that no contestant has been drugged. None ever has been. "Actually," says Dr. Marsh, "I doubt if you could drug a chicken. Their metabolic rate is too high." If anyone benefits from this chicken flying, it is Farm Owner Bob Evans, 60. In 30 years he parlayed a one-wagon, homemade sausage business into a \$105 million sausage and restaurant empire in seven states. One restaurant is close by, and visitors eat there, buy hams from the adjoining country store, even take home Watkins Cream of Camphor liniment and working \$65 potbellied stoves. Whatever money comes in offsets the day's expenses, in particular the piles of fried chicken catered free at contest's end. "Last year's losers" is the running joke.

"I was raised with chickens," Evans says. In Gallipolis, a town 13 miles away on the stately Ohio, young Evans haunted the piers where poultry was loaded aboard packet boats for Pittsburgh. If a chicken escaped, kids were allowed to track and keep it. "You could get a small white leghorn, feed it on grain for two weeks and then sell it for a dollar. That was big money when people were making ten cents an hour." For play, kids tossed their chickens out of barn lofts to see how far they could fly. From that recollection came the great flying chicken contest.

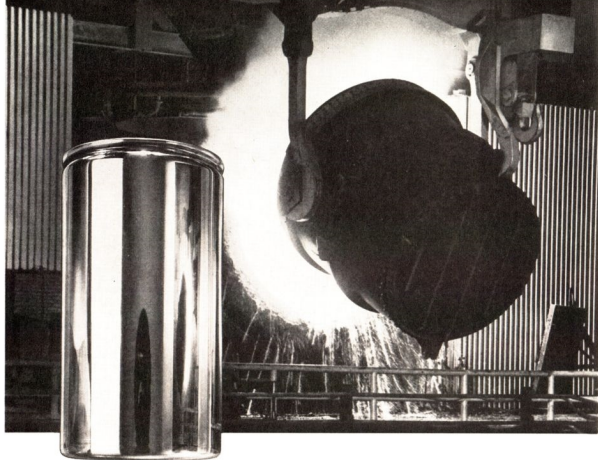
Many of the family groups now assembled are three-generational, something you seldom see in urban America any more. Picnic lunches appear. But in an area heavy with fundamentalist United Methodists, Southern Baptists and Nazarenes, there is not one good ole boy guzzling beer or passing a bottle. Sarsaparilla is the champagne of the day.

While a recorded chicken loudly clucks to the strains of Glenn Miller's *In the Mood* on the public address system, the crowd watches the weigh-in conducted by Jake Blazer, 43. Each chicken is expertly thrust headfirst into a metal funnel under a scale hanging from a tripod. Only once is Blazer pecked, by an irritable bantam named Mindy (Mork, next up, is more docile). A leghorn named White Flyer escapes in the transfer from box to scale and flies into heavy brush a hundred feet away. The fish-net squad is dispatched. Frets Owner Andy Cline of McArthur, Ohio, "I just hope she gets rested."

Owners trade training notes. Four young men from Youngstown, wearing orange shirts that identify them as manager, coaches and trainer of a leghorn named Otis, have a special technique. Otis, at 109 oz, the heaviest entry, was driven past a Colonel Sanders store before the competition, they insist, and threatened with Shake 'N Bake. The best training routine seems to be to find an irascible female. The deepest instinct of roosters is to get to the ground fast and establish control over some turf.

Precisely at 1 p.m., three young girls in vivid red and green medieval page costumes escort Evans into the pasture to

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—Grand-Dad



For generations,
Head of the Bourbon Family.

American Scene

light a homemade Olympic torch that flares up from a 5-ft. metal container. The weather leaves something to be desired. At 80° it is about 25° hotter than chickens like. With no pores to sweat through, they cool off by panting. And a panting bird, as any chicken-flying handicapper knows, is not likely to travel far.

White Flyer is the first contestant. She escapes again at the mailbox, is netted in mid-air. "Fowl start," rules the judge. Finally plunged through the box for an official start, the bird veers sideways into the crowd sitting behind the platform on folding chairs. Eleven more are launched with equally poor results before a hen named Stephanie soars 60 ft., to the cheers of the congregation. For most of the next two hours, birds with names like Chicken Little, Chickenmauga, Opeck, Granny Kluk and Herb W. Cluckerman drop stonelike or circle back over the crowd. Apparently untroubled by the Shake 'N Bake threat, Otis, when his turn arrives, drops out and down. Kamikaze literally lays an egg en route to the mailbox and can manage only an exhausted 5 ft.

Flights are interrupted from time to time for fowl play. Children are invited to scratch for nickels in two sawdust piles. The winner is Dan Deaver of Gallipolis, a beaver-toothed boy who has been "nine for a week now." He finds 27 nickels. Blond Kathy Markwood, 8, of Rio Grande is top girl with 15. They receive a silver dollar and the honor of being photographed with Evans. A human in white chicken suit demands entry. A lengthy rule-book search discloses no weight limit to keep him out but he is disqualified because he cannot fit through the mailbox.

The high point of the day, however, comes early. The 45th bird, Lola B., a 15-oz. common bantam with a proud black tail, breaks cleanly from the mailbox, then swings sharply to the left and lands atop a sheep shed beyond the snow fences. A tape-measure team figures her flight at 302 ft. 8 in., which betters Kung Flewk's old record by 5 ft. 6 in.

Owner Sherwood Costen, 66, a shy retired municipal employee from Point Pleasant, W. Va., raised his winner and her four sisters as wild birds. While less savvy contestants carried their fowl around feet first in the hot sun, Costen cradled Lola in the shade of a thick maple.

After the day's final flight, Costen shyly accepts the \$500 check and the big black and yellow world's champion ribbon from Host Evans. Two hundred T-shirts have been sold, the sarsaparilla has given out and the Olympic torch is flickering low. Wiping the fried chicken from their fingers, the satisfied spectators slowly meander toward the car pasture. "See you all next year," says Evans, as a state policeman helps the campers and pickups thread in among the giant semis barreling along Route 35. From one departing truck, a rooster crows an unprintable reply.

— Spencer Davidson

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THE 85 M.P.H. TREES.

Recently a Miami news team pointed a traffic radar gun at a clump of trees and clocked them at over 85 miles an hour. The trees were not moving at the time.

The point of this test was to show that radar isn't always right. Radar gun readouts can be distorted by dense traffic, CB's, heater and air conditioning fans, even neon signs. In fact, according to evidence given in a recent Miami case, 25% of traffic radar speeding tickets are in error. That's why you need a Fuzzbuster II Radar Detector.

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TIME/JULY 2, 1979

COVER STORIES

The Great Energy Mess

Gas lines spread, truckers strike, and more price rises are coming



etition of the oil-fired recession of 1974-75? The answer will not be clear even when the final gavel ends the OPEC meeting in Geneva and the economic summit in Tokyo. But the prospects are cheerless: at best, a slowdown in global growth, accompanied by more inflation; at worst, an outright recession—also accompanied by more inflation. Already, the downturn—that-might-be has picked up a name. Washington economists are calling it Khomeini's Recession—after the Ayatullah

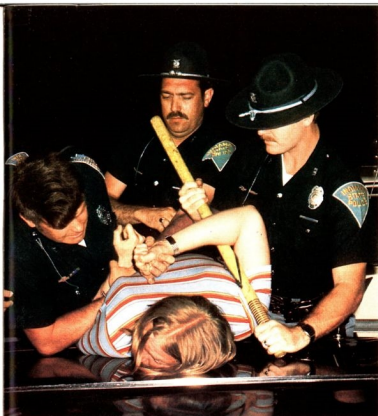
Ruhollah Khomeini, whose Iranian revolution began the oil shortages and rocketing prices that are causing world economic anxiety.

Americans last week began getting an unpleasant taste of what lies ahead. Gasoline lines, which once seemed a temporary California phenomenon, were snaking through the suburbs of Washington and streets of Manhattan, and by last week had spread all up and down the Eastern seaboard. Seven states—Connecticut, Florida, Maryland, New Jersey, New York, Texas and Virginia—and the District of Columbia had to begin odd-even allocation. Independent truckers, who charge that rising fuel prices are depriving them of a livelihood, started a strike that soon led to food shortages, scattered violence and threats of worse to come. Although the Department of Energy had contributed to the gas shortage

by urging oil companies to build up their depleted stocks of heating fuel, it was disclosed last week that home fuel prices will be a paralyzing 80¢ per gal. by next winter (up almost 50% from last winter) and there will be shortages too.*

The Ayatullah will not be on hand to view the latest round in this protracted conflict, but his Finance Minister, Ali Ardalan, will sit down in Geneva on Tuesday with his opposite numbers from the other twelve nations in the OPEC cartel. Brushing aside warnings that they cannot in the long run prosper by gouging their customers, the OPEC ministers in effect have already decided to pile another price increase on top of the 35% rise that they have put into effect since Decem-

*By contrast, supplies of natural gas, which is also widely used for home heating, ran desperately short in recent winters because of an artificial pricing system, but they now appear to be ample.



Violence in Indiana: state police arrest protesting trucker



Frustration in Gotham: Manhattan gas line extends for blocks

ber. The only question is how large it will be. Prevailing guess: the "marker" price will go up to \$20 per bbl., from \$14.54 now, bringing the total increase since December, when the price was \$12.70, to about 50%. Still unsettled is the question of whether that will be a unified charge or merely a base to which individual OPEC members will add surcharges; such surcharges now bring the average OPEC price to around \$17 per bbl.

In either case, the increase has menacing consequences for the oil-burning world. It will further fan the inflation that is raging at double-digit fury in the U.S., Britain, France and Italy. U.S. Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal estimates that petroleum increases alone have so far this year jacked up the inflation rate by 2.5% in the industrial countries. A further \$5.45-a-bbl. boost is likely to siphon an additional \$80 billion a year out of the major industrial nations, reducing their citizens' ability to buy food, clothes, houses—indeed, everything except oil. Result: further slowing of growth rates that have only recently begun to pick up (see *ECONOMY & BUSINESS*), and increasing unemployment.

Equally troublesome, the OPEC countries show no disposition to raise production to ease the shortages. Quite the contrary: they know the shortages are what enable them to charge more for oil than anyone would have dreamed possible as

the '70s began (the 1970 price per bbl. was \$1.80). Saudi Arabia's Crown Prince Fahd last week shot down a hopeful rumor that his country would increase production, and Iran is holding exports to barely half of prerevolutionary levels. Oil-industry publications buzz with talk of further cutbacks in Algeria and Libya.

Against that background, the heads of government of the non-Communist world's seven strongest industrial powers—Britain, Canada, France, Italy, Japan, West Germany and the U.S.—will convene Thursday in Tokyo's ornate Akasaka Palace to consider what they might do. The meeting, fifth in a series of annual summits devoted to economics, was scheduled before the latest oil crisis broke, but it will be so dominated by petroleum worries that it is being called the energy summit. For Jimmy Carter, the meeting will be especially critical; American voters are far more irate about the gasoline shortage than they are pleased by any diplomatic triumph the President might claim in negotiating a SALT II treaty.

Unfortunately, Carter and his conferees are unlikely to form anything resembling a tough united front to bargain with OPEC. Diplomats drawing up proposals for the meeting have simply been unable to devise measures that could both win agreement and save on oil bills without cutting economic growth severely. Sighs a U.S. official: "We have no firm

ideas, and it would be impossible to get everyone to agree even if we did."

The planners have discarded as all but unworkable various schemes to form a kind of consumers' cartel to negotiate with OPEC, or to put a ceiling on the price the seven countries would permit corporations to pay for oil on the Rotterdam "spot" market (users bid there for supplies not tied up under long-term contracts, and prices have shot as high as \$40 per bbl.). French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, speaking on behalf of the European Community, outlined a plan to freeze European oil imports at last year's level and to "dissuade companies from lending themselves to transactions at excessive prices" in Rotterdam. But that stops well short of Giscard's earlier ideas to set specific, country-by-country import ceilings, and to put a flat ban on high-priced dealings in Rotterdam.

In the all-too-thin blue vinyl notebooks that he takes to Tokyo, Carter will carry a proposal to set up an international corporation that would fund efforts to develop synthetic fuels—for example, the conversion of coal into liquid fuel. Such processes are feasible but at present very expensive, and they may have severe environmental side effects.

Carter is likely to win agreement only on the principle that production of synthetic fuels should be encouraged—no international body, and no pledges of hard



Blockade in Connecticut: trucks wall off diesel fuel pumps to prevent distribution



Harmony among rivals: President Carter and

Nation

cash. The seven nations doubtless will exchange promises to cut oil imports and to expand production of coal and nuclear power, but not bind themselves to any specific steps to reach any of those goals. None of that is likely to make OPEC leaders do anything but smile.

Across the U.S., as citizens struggle with the irritation of gas lines and dollar-a-gallon prices, a large number persist in believing that the whole mess has been deliberately contrived by the oil companies, aided and abetted by Government collusion or ineptitude. Washington in fact cannot evade the charge of bungling. A few weeks ago the Department of Energy was predicting that gasoline supplies would be more plentiful in June than in May. Now officials confess that they have no idea how much gas drivers can count on buying for the rest of the month, the summer, the year.

One source of trouble has been that the Government has been trying to please everybody in managing the shortage. The Department of Energy has set up a hideously complex allocation system that essentially works like this: an oil company first sets aside 5% of whatever gasoline and diesel fuel it expects to have available each month to be used as state governments direct. It then sets aside as much more as may be demanded by certain priority users—police, for example. After that, it parcels out the remaining supplies among gas stations, essentially equally but with some adjustments; stations in areas where population and consumption have been growing rapidly get more.

Trying to manipulate this system, allocators resemble a tailor who tries to get cloth to mend a hole in the sleeve of a coat by snipping a piece out of the back and hoping no one will notice. Critics

charge that far too many exemptions have been granted. One example: the rule that farmers should get as much gasoline and diesel fuel as they demanded made sense in early spring, when they were rushing to plant crops. But the regulation was continued too long, and may be one reason why some rural areas now are awash in gasoline while cities run dry.

But, while it is easy enough to blame the Government, the public's "me first" spirit is fouling up matters too. Truckers are now demanding unrestricted access to diesel fuel, while farmers get all they want. Simultaneously, other consumers clamor for exemptions for any gas-rationing system or demand that heating-oil stocks be built up to guard against a cold winter. There is no way that refineries can give farmers and truckers unlimited supplies, turn out maximum supplies of gasoline and build heating-oil inventories—and the Government has failed to set clear priorities.

Secretary of Energy James Schlesinger has scarcely helped. He got off to a good start by warning in February that the shutoff of oil exports from Iran had created a situation "prospectively more serious than the Arab oil embargo" of 1973-74. That statement was widely dismissed as alarmist, but it now seems only too accurate. Lately, the Secretary's statements have been so contradictory that one oil executive exclaims: "The real odd-and-even plan is Schlesinger's assessment of the energy situation!"

The fundamental difficulty is that the U.S. cannot import enough oil right now to fill its needs. Imports are running about 8 million bbl. a day—roughly half of U.S. consumption, up 3% just since late April—but oilmen estimate that they need an-

other 500,000 to 1 million to assure an even flow of all products through their refineries. The prime reason for the shortage is that the other members of OPEC have never increased production enough to make up for the curtailment of supplies from Iran. The situation raises two questions: 1) Which products should be rushed out? The Department of Energy has never seemed able to make up its mind whether to urge maximum output of gasoline or of distillates (heating oil and diesel fuel), though last week Schlesinger came down firmly on the side of distillates. 2) How fast should refineries run down their stocks of crude oil in order to supply gasoline, heating oil and other end-products right now?

Oilmen have been trying to build up stocks of crude, so that they can assure a continued flow of supplies and guard against another interruption like that caused by the Iranian revolt. Two weeks ago, Schlesinger accused them of being "unduly conservative," and even threatened to take crude away from some refiners and give it to others who would process it faster. That sounded like an endorsement of the conspiracy theory that oilmen are deliberately withholding supplies to force up prices—or at the very least take advantage of the higher prices sure to come.

Last week Schlesinger hastened to make amends, and succeeded in getting still more deeply mired. He conceded that the dispute over the proper balance between crude stocks and refinery runs is a legitimate difference of opinion, and he softened the threat to take crude away from refiners who do not use it rapidly enough. His reason: if he did that, the refiners might retaliate by importing less oil. Startled reporters asked if the Gov-



Senator Kennedy seek to deregulate trucking



Military convoys fuel in Alabama; philosophic cabbie and plate switch in New York

ernment was yielding to oil-company blackmail. No, no, said Schlesinger, no company had made any such threat; he was merely worried that he has no authority to force oilmen to import as much crude as they can find to buy.

Congress has hardly covered itself with glory either. It has buried such mild conservation bills as one to curtail outdoor lighting displays, and in May the House voted down a Carter plan to set up a stand-by gasoline-rationing plan that could be imposed in a real emergency. Now Congressmen who seem at last to realize the severity of the situation—partly, perhaps, because they too must wait on gasoline lines in Washington—are scurrying to introduce energy bills of all sorts. Says one congressional leader: "They are in a mood to do something, and they don't give a damn what it is. If they thought the Lord's Prayer dealt with energy, they would probably re-enact it. If they thought it did not apply to energy, they would probably oppose it."

A roundup on Capitol Hill action:

► The House Ways and Means Committee approved a tougher tax or oil-company "windfall" profits than Jimmy Carter had proposed. The President's plan would have let oil companies keep 29¢ to 34¢ of each extra dollar in profit that they make from the decontrol of domestic oil prices that Carter began June 1. The Ways and Means bill reduces the figure to between 17¢ and 23¢. It is likely to be watered down in the Senate, and end about where Carter wanted it.

► Congressional Democratic leaders at a White House breakfast told Carter that they are uniting behind a plan offered by Representative Toby Moffett of Connecticut to force every driver to choose one day a week on which he would leave his car or cars in the garage (windshield stickers would identify the forbidden day). They

also invited Carter to work with them in devising a new gas-rationing plan. Said House Democratic Whip John Brademas of Indiana: "In effect, we told the President, 'The train is leaving the station; would you like to get aboard?'"

► A consensus is building behind the idea of setting up a Government funding for a crash effort to produce synthetic fuels in the U.S., even if other nations will not go along. A House education and labor subcommittee last week approved a synthetic-fuels bill, blandly ignoring the fact that it has no jurisdiction in the matter. Chairman Henry ("Scoop") Jackson called the Senate Energy Committee together at the unheard-of hour of 7 a.m. last Wednesday to start work on his own synthetic-fuels bill. Said Scoop: "People who never saw the sun rise are now getting up before dawn to buy gasoline. We are getting started a little later than that." Both House and Senate leaders are promising floor votes on synthetic-fuels bills in July. The leading possibility is a House proposal to have the Government guarantee a market and a price for synthetic-fuels makers at a cost of \$2. billion a year.

That would be a start in the right direction, as would the proposal that President Carter announced last week to make more money available for development of solar energy. The nation does need to push production of alternate forms of energy, to reduce its debilitating dependence on unpredictable and outrageously priced oil supplies from OPEC. But neither solar power nor synthetic fuels will help much to shorten gasoline lines, or to keep homes warm, for years to come.

The immediate necessity is to set firm priorities for gasoline, diesel fuel and heating oil production, devise a more effective allocation system for distributing them, and enact a stand-by gas-rationing plan. Those steps will not increase overall sup-

ply, but they might calm the panic buying that is turning what should be a moderate shortage into a nightmare. Indeed, the nation had better get used to coping with shortages. The one in 1973-74 disappeared quickly after OPEC turned on the spigot following the end of the Arab oil embargo. The cartel seems unlikely to do so again, and even if it did, no one could trust an increase in output to last. Meanwhile, the threat of economic slowdown and runaway inflation in the non-Communist world gets stronger every day. ■

Hours of Waiting To Fill the Tank

Even Houston gets in line

Presidential Press Secretary Jody Powell, setting forth on his lunch hour to pick up a pin-stripe suit for a diplomatic mission one day last week, discovered that the gas gauge on his battered yellow Volkswagen read empty. From the top of a hill he just coasted down the slope—and into a gas line, in which he waited for more than an hour. Even James Schlesinger, Secretary of Energy and thus in charge of the nation's gas supply, found himself in a gas line. He had to spend 25 minutes waiting for his own gas supply. So although Washington's officialdom has devoted a good deal of attention to the abstract forces and pressures involved in the gas shortage, last week brought to the nation's capital a new realization that the energy mess is a painfully practical problem crying out for urgent action.

In Washington, in New York's vast metropolitan area and along much of the Atlantic coast from Boston to Miami, there was no more scoffing at Californians for having panicked over gas shortages.

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AS GAS HITS THE DOLLAR BARRIER...

Sampling of prices paid for unleaded regular gas, as of week ending June 22, 1979



TIME Charts by Nigel Holmes

...THERE'S LESS OF IT

Basic rate in nationwide gas allocations to the driving public, percent decrease from the same month in 1978



Source: Lumberg Letter

Nation

Now the East was caught in the same frenzy to find daily gas and fill up for the weekend, when most stations would be closed. The California syndrome had also hopped into oil-rich Texas, and threatened to infect parts of the Midwest. "It's really a psychological problem," insisted a spokesman at the Department of Energy.

While tempers flared in the heat of summer's first days, most motorists experienced the trip to the gas station as a boring nuisance. Some were arising at 6 a.m. or earlier, then dozing in their parked cars near the head of lines that would later stretch to 1½ miles or more. Some were burning up a quarter-tank of gas just in the hectic hunt to find more gas.

The crisis in the Washington area did, indeed, seem to be at least partly a result of hysteria. It did not develop until after the Washington *Post* predicted that shortages would develop—even though, as the *Post* later reported, storage tanks at the Colonial Pipeline south of Washington were so full that supplies were being diverted to New Jersey, where additional storage capacity was available. Washingtonians rushed to fill up. The cars idled in lines that encircled city blocks, as drivers paged through novels and newspapers to stay awake. For the first time in its three-year history, the capital's Metro subway system was jammed. The city's cab drivers protested the rising cost and scarcity of gas and won a ten-cent fare hike.

In suburban Bethesda, Md., Texaco Station Owner Robert Cooke was tired of the hassle. He had watched fistfights in the lines and been offered bribes by motorists seeking short cuts. "Women have offered to go in the back room with me. Once a guy cut in line, and a woman went up and tried to pull him out of his car. Sometimes you wonder if the money you make is worth all this."

As gas lines up to 200 cars long tangled traffic and tested tempers in the New York City area, Governor Hugh Carey was the first to invoke a California-style rationing system. It permits drivers whose license plates end in an odd number to get gas only on odd days of the month, and drivers with even plates to get it only on even days. Under state law, motorists and dealers who violate the alternate-day purchasing plan could be fined \$1,000. In its first week, the system seemed only to aggravate the problem as motorists apparently became alarmed at the seriousness of the situation. The lines grew, especially in Manhattan, where the ratio of traffic to stations is high. The sellers' market gave gas station owners a free choice on how to dispense their monthly allocation of fuel. Some chose to keep normal hours, then close up for days after their gallons were gone. Others assigned themselves daily sales limits to stretch their gas, closing each day when the ration was consumed. Very few accepted the inconvenience—to them—of staying open on weekends. Carey asked all stations to stay open at least one day each weekend to reduce some of the uncertainty about service, but many dealers refused. Carey's request will turn into a compulsory order on June 30. As dealers grumbled, Carey promised that some of the state's allocation set aside for emergency use (5% of the total) would be made available for weekend sales. As always, sharpies found ways to beat the system. In nearby North Bergen, N.J., one dealer quietly passed the word to his longtime patrons to show up at 6 a.m. for a private tank filling. Along Manhattan's West Side "gasoline alley" on Tenth Avenue, such high-volume customers as Con Edison, New York Telephone and ABC showed up at special times to get special service from their regular stations.

While New York's fleet-owned cabs gassed up at their company pumps, in-

dividual drivers who own taxis had a rougher time. Cabbie Joseph Mizrihi once waited a total of three hours at two gas stations before getting filled up; because of the time he spends on gas lines he now regularly loses \$15 of the \$60 he normally made in an 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. shift. Some cabbies have found outlying stations that give regulars special treatment, like the refinery in Brooklyn where black marketers would sell whatever the driver wanted at \$1.50 per gallon. Tipping of \$1 to \$3 was common in return for a full tank of gas that might exceed maximum purchase limits. Explained one receptive gas attendant: "I like helping my fellow man and also profiting from him."

Motorists in Brooklyn were understandably edgy over the possibility of violence as they crept toward the pumps. Two murders had resulted from gas brawls in that borough. Andrew Medosa, 22, was shot and killed at an Amoco station, according to police, by Dennis Rosales, 23, after their two cars collided as each tried to switch into a different gas line. Fritz Boutain, 29, got into a fight with an unidentified assailant after their two cars bumped at a Shell station. The other man pulled a knife, stabbed Boutain fatally, and fled.

The Governors of New Jersey and Connecticut also instituted alternate-day gas-buying plans. Connecticut Governor Ella Grasso ordered stations to sell no less than \$4 worth of gas to owners of four-cylinder cars and \$6 at a time to those driving higher powered vehicles—all in an effort to reduce tank topping. She asked every mayor or selectman in the state's 169 cities and towns to appoint a coordinator to work out gas station schedules so that some will always be open.

Gas fever has spread to Massachusetts, where Carl Olson, president of the Bay State Retail Gasoline Dealers Association, estimates that "there are 30 mil-



Out of gas in Manhattan: driver pushes car toward station



While belly dancer entertains line

Nation

lion gallons rolling around in automobile tanks that would normally be in the pumps." Local officials, including police chiefs, must make sure that at least one station in each locality remains open between 7 a.m. and 10 p.m. A hot line has been installed to tell callers which stations are pumping. Dealers can request gas from the state's set-aside reserve for weekend operation, but police must first verify that they are maintaining the weekend service they have promised.

In Braintree, Mass., Sunoco Station Manager Bruce Weir was laboring over his books at 6:15 a.m. "I saw a fellow pull up to the pump in a late model Chevy Malibu and I went out and knocked at the window and I said, 'I'm sorry, sir, we don't sell gas till 7.' I started back and got two steps from the door when I felt a big bang on my left leg. I grabbed my leg. Below me was a bottle of Heiken's, half full. Now I walk backwards."

Although there are few lines in Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire, this is partly because the shortage in the larger population centers has diminished the flow of summer tourists. In Vermont, which has been advertising "Come to Vermont, we have plenty of gas," the wording has been changed to: "We have adequate gas." Throughout New England, according to one survey, only 21% of 659 stations expected to be open last Sunday. A fourth of them were limiting purchases, and 18% reported being out of one grade of gas, most often unleaded.

Florida was coping adequately with gas needs until a truckers' strike last week blocked shipments from large storage areas in Port Everglades—and then the gas rush was on. By midweek there were virtually no stations open between Miami and Fort Lauderdale, one of the state's most heavily traveled routes, during the evening rush hour. Lines several miles long quickly developed in Miami, where

waits stretched to as much as four hours amid sweltering temperatures. Radio stations broadcast warnings of line-blocked roads that should be avoided.

Along a major turnpike in south Florida, most stations would not sell gas to anyone with more than half a tankful, and then limited sales to about \$3 at 90¢ per gallon—barely enough to reach the next turnpike station. In eight counties, including Miami's Dade, an odd-even plan was announced for sales. In a state depending heavily on tourism, Florida energy officials used their 5% emergency supplies to ease the shortage. About 50,000 extra gallons were allocated to the gas station at Orlando's Disney World and 25,000 to nearby Sea World. Insisted Deputy Energy Director Jim Pollock: "We're certainly not trying to show any partiality, but these are major tourist attractions and we're letting them have this to keep motorists from getting stranded."

As in much of the rest of the U.S., many Southerners felt the shortage was contrived. Declared a Shell dealer in Sandy Springs, Ga.: "My customers think it's all a rip-off, that the major oil companies are holding back. So do I." Reported Texaco Dealer H.W. Wayne of Atlanta: "I hear a lot of cussin' from my customers but they're not cussin' me. They're cussin' the oil companies and the politicians."

Allocation formulas failed to allow for the rapid population growth in Houston, Dallas and Fort Worth, and so even oil-producing Texas was afflicted with panic buying. Governor William P. Clements Jr. imposed mandatory rules on gas sales in the counties embracing those three cities, including odd-even sale days.

Although not as long as lines in the East, the queues of cars at many metropolitan stations in Texas required motorists to wait up to an hour. On weekends, the gas-buying prospects in the Dallas-Fort Worth area were bleak: vir-

tually no stations were open on Saturday night and only 3% on Sunday.

The gas situation in the Midwest had not yet reached panic stage, although some dealers predicted that parts of Michigan and northern Illinois, including Chicago, may feel the pinch beginning this week. The truckers' protest was one reason for apprehension, the inability of a major pipeline running through St. Louis to acquire crude oil was another. The 130 Sunoco stations in Indiana were also running low.

Worried officials in all states where a gas crunch had started or seemed imminent could look hopefully westward last week to the state where the crisis had first appeared. In California, those long lines of May had disappeared. Instead, now that school is out, Los Angeles teen-agers have resumed their Wednesday night ritual of cruising; some 8,000 of them were packed bumper to bumper along Van Nuys Boulevard, drinking, chattering and flirting. The lines that occasionally appeared at gas stations were usually started by customers shopping for the best bargains. The tank topping had stopped.

Why? Mark Emond, editor of the oil industry's authoritative *Lundberg Letter*, credits a change in Department of Energy policy and a state government action for shifting the consumer psychology: The DOE permitted states to use their set-aside allocation to resupply gas stations experiencing the heaviest customer demand, while California authorities ordered all gas stations to remain open on at least one of the weekend days. Says Emond: "Easing things up on weekends was the beginning of the turnaround here. People have adjusted. The panic is off."

Actually, the calming of California was not quite that simple. The state acquired new supplies of gas as oil companies increased their allocations. That is not a solution that can be continually du-

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Special pleading in Michigan: truckers have adopted song as their slogan



Shots in Colorado: bullets narrowly missed this driver

Nation

plicated elsewhere. The loosening of the gas squeeze in most states may lie in both shifting the rules under which gas is sold—and thus eliminating some of the public's uncertainty—and, more substantively, actually finding at least a little more fuel to sell. Driving less, of course, on a regular basis would help even more. ■

"One Hellacious Uproar"

That is the truckers' promise

Many of the nation's superhighways were eerily silent last week as the big 18-wheel diesel rigs ceased to roar. Occasionally there were other sounds: voices raised in anger, the thud of punches, and the crack of rifles sending bullets through the sides of trucks, shattering windshields, and sometimes hitting human flesh. Most of the nation's 100,000 independent, long-haul truckers were striking in protest against the rising cost (up 35% since the beginning of the year) and increasing scarcity of diesel fuel. Some merely stopped working. Others used their trucks to block access to refineries and fuel terminals, trying to disrupt the nation's commerce as much as possible. Warned Oscar Williams, an official of the Independent Truckers Association (30,000 members): "I can predict that when housewives in the major cities go to market and cannot find peaches, cherries or fresh meat, or find they have to pay double for these goods, there will be one hellacious uproar heard in Washington."

The strike was as spotty and as disorganized as the independent truckers, who own their rigs and are fiercely proud of going it alone, but the action was damaging enough. Pickets closed giant fuel terminals in Niles, Mich., cutting off deliveries of gasoline and diesel fuel to southwestern Michigan and northwestern In-

diana. Said Niles Mayor Larry Clymer: "I'm sitting here biting my nails. What we got is a snowstorm in the middle of June. Nobody can go anywhere." In Connecticut, truckers effectively blocked off five major fuel terminals. In Massachusetts and Maine, produce shipments dropped 40%. Hog deliveries in the Corn Belt were off by 75%. California Governor Jerry Brown sent a telegram to President Carter warning that agricultural shipments had reached a crisis stage: "Most of the California production is perishable and will be totally lost if the disruption continues."

In many states, including Georgia, Kentucky and Rhode Island, Governors kept trucks moving by calling out the police or the National Guard for protection. In the Midwest the truckers disrupted deliveries of gas and diesel oil for stations in eight states. After independents blocked fuel storage depots in Green Bay, Wis., Governor Lee Dreyfus declared a state of emergency, and police ordered the line of trucks removed. Said Dreyfus Aide Bill Kraus: "The truckers found the aorta and put their thumb on it, but the gas is now going everywhere again."

In Alabama, one trucker was killed when he was shot in the leg and his rig swerved off the road. The wife of another driver was shot in the chest and critically wounded. Governor Fob James angrily ordered National Guard tankers to transport fuel and considered putting some parts of the state under direct military rule. "The people who commit these crimes are outlaws," he declared. "I hope to put them in the electric chair, and if we had a hanging law, I'd use it."

The strike was touched off by the owner-operators' difficulties in getting fuel at fair prices. But the shutdown quickly brought to the surface deeper and long-festering resentments. The drivers, who often operate on very low profit margins, felt they deserved fast financial relief. They argued that cumbersome federal

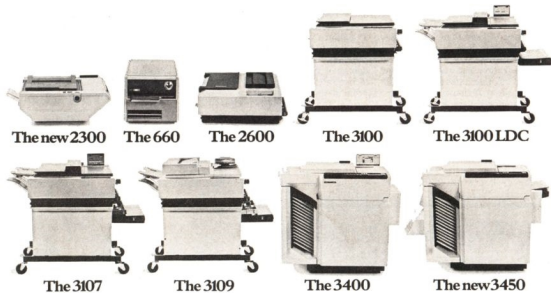
regulations have long favored the big trucking companies, which are not on strike, and discriminated against smaller owners. Under federal rules, to carry anything except agricultural products, the independents must drive under contract to the big companies. When they hire out, they must pay the company between 30% and 50% of their gross returns.

Says George Sullivan, national organizer for the Fraternal Association of Steel Haulers (FASH): "We have to live with innumerable rules and regulations that take up all your time. You have to get 197 different permits if you drive in 48 states. You have to buy a permit to buy fuel in a state and then tell them how many miles you drive and send them back money for driving through. When the truckers are making money, they can put up with all that. But when they're not making money, they get very hostile."

The truckers made several demands of the Carter Administration. First they wanted an increase in freight rates. The Interstate Commerce Commission permitted a 6% rate hike, but that was not enough, the truckers complained, to cover the boost in fuel costs since the beginning of the year. The independents insisted on an increase in their share of the diesel fuel that is allocated by the Department of Energy. The Government responded by lifting the regulation that allowed farmers to get all the diesel oil they needed. The Administration hopes that the change will allow the truckers to get more fuel without antagonizing the farmers, many of whom are now between spring planting and the fall harvest.

The truckers also wanted to abolish the 55-m.p.h. speed limit, arguing that it costs them money by slowing their trips. But the Government refused even to consider that move. The accident rate would rise again, and more fuel would be burned at higher speeds. Finally, the independents demanded that states establish uni-

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Armed surveillance in Minnesota: National Guardsmen are called out to protect gas trucks leaving refinery

UPI

Nation

form truck weights across the country. Most states allow an 80,000-lb. load and 60-ft. truck length. But nine states, most bordering the Mississippi River (called the Iron Curtain by truckers), impose lower weight limits. Trucks going across the continent have to keep their loads down to the Iron Curtain level, and they lose money in the process. The Federal Highway Administration last week asked the Governors of the nine states to waive their limits for 90 days. If that is done, operators could increase their loads by 10% and save 25 million gal. of fuel a month, according to the estimates of the American Trucking Associations, the lobby for the major companies.

Trying to quiet the striking truckers, President Carter met with Senator Edward Kennedy last week at the White

House to announce their joint sponsorship of a sweeping new plan to deregulate the trucking industry. The Government would stop regulating rates, freight and entry requirements, steps that the Administration estimates would save the public \$5 billion a year in shipping costs. In a report sent to Congress, Carter attacked the present system, which puts the independents at a competitive disadvantage. "Collective rate making, commonly known as price fixing, is normally a felony," he wrote. "But the trucking industry has enjoyed a special exemption from the antitrust laws. This immunity allows trucking companies to meet in secret and decide the prices they will charge for truck transportation. Although rate agreements are theoretically subject to ICC review, the ICC has been inclined to rubber-stamp

rate agreements rather than subject them to an independent and thorough review."

Trucking companies need certificates issued by the ICC in order to haul certain goods or to operate along certain routes. The ICC normally does not certify owner-operators. "Because regulation permits such high profits and makes operating certificates so scarce," declared Carter in his report, "ICC certificates are bought and sold for enormous sums." They sell for upwards of \$20 million.

The proposed legislation suits the deregulation mood of Washington. ICC Chairman A. Daniel O'Neal has been relaxing some trucking regulations over the past two years. Insists O'Neal: "We are not a rubber-stamp commission. This commission is not in bed with the companies it regulates."

The big trucking firms will put up more resistance to deregulation than the airlines did, even though in the case of that industry, renewed competition has boosted profits at the same time that it has cut fares. The major trucking companies are adamantly opposed to any change in rules that have kept competitors out and profits high, and they are staunchly supported by the 100,000 Teamsters who work for them. (The independents belong to no union.) Both the trucking companies and the Teamsters have a powerful ally in Howard Cannon, chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee, who has already traded barbs with Kennedy over deregulation. Cannon insists on extensive hearings and doubts that a bill will clear Congress in the next two years. Complains FASH Spokesman Sullivan: "The Government people are scared to death of the Teamsters."

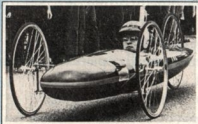
While deregulation would provide a solution to the independents' problems in the long run, it would do little to settle the current difficulties. One factor working against a prolonged strike, however, is the basic split in the industry. The in-

And How About 1,721 m.p.g.?

A sporty little foreign job that costs \$1,000 and wings 1,721 miles out of a gallon of gas? The numbers sound preposterous, but they are the vital statistics of a tiny, cigar-shaped one-man Dutch "car" that traveled a test track in eastern Holland last week to win a sexy sobriquet: the world's most economical gasoline-fueled auto.

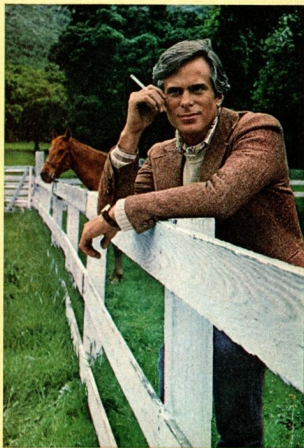
Dutch engineers kept the machine's weight down to 130.5 lbs. by fashioning the body out of plastics. A 50-cc moped motor was tuned for top efficiency. To maintain the required 9.3 m.p.h. average speed, the driver repeatedly accelerated, coasted until the speed dropped, then slowly speeded up again.

The mileage competition shows that there is enormous room for improvement in auto efficiency. Last week, the Transportation Department rejected a petition by U.S. automakers for a reduction in federal mileage standards. This means that carmakers must boost average mileage of this year's 19-m.p.g. minimum to 26 m.p.g. in 1983, on the way toward 27.5 m.p.g. in 1985.



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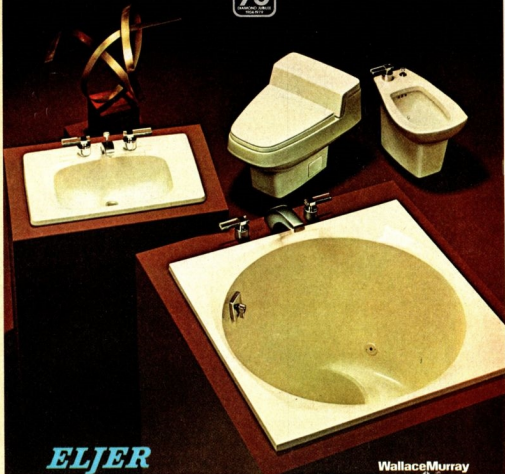
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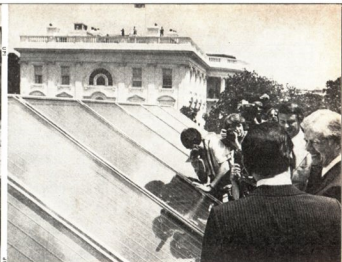
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Unplanned obsolescence in New York: new use for defunct gas station

Conservation at White House: Carter inspects solar hot-water system

Nation

dependents are bitter enemies of the Teamsters, who are combatting the strike by keeping trucks rolling in such big cities as Chicago and Detroit, where they control the jobs.

Teamster-baiting, in fact, has become a way of life for I.T.A. President Mike Parkhurst, 46, a burly, boisterous former trucker who started organizing the independents almost a decade ago. His monthly magazine, *Overdrive* (circ. 51,000), is the main trade publication of the independents. Parkhurst freely admits that one of the goals of the present strike is to weaken the Teamsters. He wants the independents to carry freight at the same rate as the Teamsters, clearly a challenge to the monopoly that has benefited the nation's biggest union for so long.

But the independents are also fragmented. "A trucker is definitely independent," says Roy Woodworth, an operator in Wilton, N. Dak. "He likes to do his own thing, so he is kind of hard to organize. We banded together out of necessity." Across the nation, hard-pressed Governors tried without success last week to find someone who could speak for the owner-drivers in their states. In Minnesota, Governor Al Quie gave up, declared a state of emergency, and called out the National Guard. About 100 representatives of small operators met in Washington to draw up plans with William Hill, chairman of the shaky Independent Truckers Unity Coalition. But many of them walked out in anger over Hill's insistence on a 10% rate increase and his high-handed tactics. Explained Ted Brooks, who represents Maryland independents: "We feel that holding out for 10% is unfair to the public and is going to result in nothing but bad publicity for the independents."

The independent owners were playing a hazardous game. They wanted to stir up enough trouble to pressure Washington into making the reforms they wanted. Perhaps more than they had anticipated,

they were succeeding. "There's a lot of macho in all this," said Mac Vernon, a spokesman for the I.T.A. "They've got the image of being the last of the cowboys."

But some of the truculent truckers also acknowledged that they could cause a backlash that would hurt them in the end. Public sympathy is quickly eroded by violence. Admits Vernon: "It makes us look like bandits." At week's end scattered acts of violence were continuing, and no one—not even the stubbornly independent owner-operators—could tell just how long their strike would go on.

A Possibility, Not a Novelty

Carter urges solar power

With a touch of pressagency worthiness of Disneyland, Jimmy Carter climbed to the roof of the West Wing of the White House one sunny morning last week to dedicate a \$28,000 solar heating system. At the same time, he announced a solar energy program for the U.S. It sets a goal of meeting 20% of the nation's energy needs from all forms of solar energy by the year 2000. * Said Carter: "No foreign cartel can set the price of sun power, no one can embargo it."

Carter has long been a fan of solar energy. His inauguration stand was partly heated by the sun's rays, and on Sun Day last year he called for a "dawning of the second solar age." The Administration's new program is by no means the large-scale and probably wasteful crash effort advocated by solar enthusiasts at the

Council on Environmental Quality and the Environmental Protection Agency. But it does call for \$646 million to be spent on research in fiscal 1980. The program would be funded in part by revenues from the windfall tax on oil company profits from price deregulation. Said Energy Secretary James Schlesinger: "The program is designed to establish a habit of mind that looks at solar as a possibility and not as a novelty." Added White House Domestic Affairs Adviser Stuart Eizenstat: "Solar is a here-and-now technology."

Two main elements of Carter's plan: ▶ A solar "bank" to subsidize and lower the interest charged by commercial institutions for loans to buy solar equipment. The Administration forecasts that the bank, which will have initial funding of \$100 million, will result in more than 100,000 new solar units each year.

▶ New, or higher, solar tax credits. New homes built with passive solar systems will get a 20% credit. Multifamily and commercial buildings will get a credit of \$20 for every million B.T.U.'s saved per year above the Government's energy performance standard.

"The programs are far more modest than we expected," said Denis Hayes, director of the Solar Lobby. Other solar lobbyists criticized the plan because funding is tied to the windfall profits tax, which has not been passed by Congress.

However valid the criticisms, the program does signal a switch in Government solar funding away from expensive and utopian projects to simpler projects in individual homes, where oil consumption can be cut immediately.

That White House installation may not be the best of models, though. It will be used mainly to heat water for the staff mess kitchen and will save an estimated \$1,000 worth of fuel annually. That means it won't pay off its cost for nearly 30 years, not counting interest or inflation.

*The Government uses an astonishingly broad definition of solar energy. It includes passive thermal systems, like the one on the White House roof that uses 32 glass panels to heat water, photovoltaic panels that convert sunlight to electricity, and also wind power, hydroelectric dams and the burning of wood.

Signed And Sealed...

*But not delivered. Now
the SALT II debate*



"If the U.S. Senate fails to ratify the SALT treaty, history will judge it harshly," declared Massachusetts Senator Edward Kennedy. On the contrary, said Washington Senator Henry Jackson, "the U.S. would be better off with no agreement than this one."

Salvos like these were already ricocheting around Capitol Hill last

week as Jimmy Carter wound up his summit in Vienna with Leonid Brezhnev and brought home the Soviet President's signature on a treaty to restrict both nations' long-range nuclear weapons. It was the signal for the great SALT II debate to begin in earnest. At stake is not just a treaty, but ten years of nuclear arms negotiations and the very nature of the relationship between the U.S. and the Soviet Union. Friend and foe of the treaty in the Senate feel they have embarked, in the words of Republican Treaty Opponent Jesse Helms of North Carolina, "on what may be the most significant national debate of our time."



Fisheye lens view of the House chamber during Carter's speech on the SALT II treaty

The outcome is very much in doubt. Democratic Whip Alan Cranston of California, a leading SALT supporter, counts no more than 58 votes for the treaty and 30 against, leaving twelve Senators wholly undecided. The opponents have similar head counts. Thus, for the moment, the treaty is in what Alaska's Ted Stevens, a Republican opponent, calls a "never-never land," a standoff in which

treaty backers have enough votes to block crippling amendments or a filibuster but lack the 67 votes that constitute the two-thirds majority needed to approve the pact.

Battle lines on SALT II were drawn months ago, but the all-out fight was delayed until Monday, when Carter and Brezhnev signed the treaty on a silk-topped table. Then the two men stood up and quite unexpectedly embraced. In contrast to the stiff formality of the summit talks, the moment was a warm and moving exchange between the failing Soviet leader, 72, and the vigorous American President, 54.

A few hours later, Carter was back in Washington, preparing to take on the Senate's SALT opponents and vowing: "We will win." Pausing only to change into a fresh blue suit and to hide the shadows of fatigue under his eyes with a dusting of powder, Carter strode down the aisle of the House with an air of self-confidence. For 35 minutes, he addressed a group of Congressmen, Senators and other dignitaries, speaking soberly and forcefully and glancing frequently in the direction of Scoop Jackson, the most outspoken of the SALT opponents. The President appealed to the Senate to back the agreement as "a matter of common sense." Without the pact, he said, the U.S. would be pushed into "an uncontrolled



Senators listening politely, but almost silently, to the President

Few surprises, slight applause, and no evidence of changed opinions.

and pointless nuclear arms race." The President said "neither side obtained everything that it sought" in the negotiations, and argued that "the package that did emerge is a carefully balanced whole, and it will make the world a safer place for both sides."

Turning to the major objections of SALT opponents, Carter maintained that the treaty places "equal ceilings" on both countries' strategic arsenals, "slows down—it even reverses—the momentum of the Soviet arms buildup" and makes future competition on weapons "safer and more predictable." Furthermore, he insisted, "compliance will be assured by our own nation's means of verification, including extremely sophisticated satellites, powerful electronic systems and a vast intelligence network."

The Senators and Congressmen listened politely and almost silently. Claimed House Speaker Tip O'Neill: "It was the most attentive audience that I have seen in my years in Congress." This was a polite and partisan way of glossing over the fact that no applause greeted Carter's statements on the treaty itself. The audience did clap six times, but only when Carter condemned war and Soviet expansionism and exhorted Congress to keep U.S. defenses strong. In fact, there was no evidence that Carter's speech swayed any votes in the Senate.

The only surprise in Carter's speech was the statement that the Joint Chiefs of Staff would testify for the treaty. Actually, only the Chairman, Air Force General David Jones, and two other members, Air Force General Lew Allen Jr. and Admiral Thomas Hayward, support the treaty, and they have some reservations. The other two members, Army General Bernard Rogers and Marine General Louis Wilson, are even less enthusiastic and so far have held back from endorsing the pact. Thus, said a senior White House official, the most that the Administration expects from the chiefs is that they will give "judicious and careful testimony" when hearings on the treaty begin July 9 before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

There seems little chance that the Senate will approve the treaty without insisting that it be amended. Said Senate Republican Leader Howard Baker Jr.: "The Senate will give its advice before it gives its consent. The Senate is not going to accept a pig in a poke." Both Carter and Brezhnev have warned the Senate against insisting on changes. Said the Soviet leader in Vienna: "Any attempt to rock this elaborate structure, to substitute any of its elements, to pull it closer to one's self, would be an unprofitable exercise. The entire structure might then collapse." Scoffed the un-



Carter and Brezhnev signing the arms treaty at the Hofburg Palace in Vienna

convinced Jackson: "They're already trying to do a little blackmailing."

The pact's most ardent opponents intend to block the treaty by attempting to pass "killer amendments." Utah Republican Jake Garn will offer a package that would amount to a substitute treaty. Said he of the one signed in Vienna: "Whatever else it is, it is not arms control." His feeling is shared by an unlikely ally, Liberal Democrat George McGovern of South Dakota, an advocate of disarmament who feels that SALT II does not go nearly far enough. "I don't think SALT II is worth fighting over," he said. "We ought to just scrap it."

The Administration maintains that significant cuts in armaments cannot be achieved until SALT III. A participant at the Vienna summit told TIME that at one session Carter said, "The U.S. is ready to agree to large reductions in launchers, warheads and throw-weight. We are willing to explore even a moratorium on construction [of nuclear weapons] as a prelude to SALT III." During those negotiations, he added, both sides should agree "to shift our technology toward increasing the invulnerability of our own forces rather than threatening the survivability of each other's." For instance, said Carter, SALT III could establish havens in

which attacks on nuclear submarines would be prohibited, or it might ban the development of depressed-trajectory missiles, which can strike their targets with very little warning. Afterward Brezhnev asked Carter for a written version of his ideas.

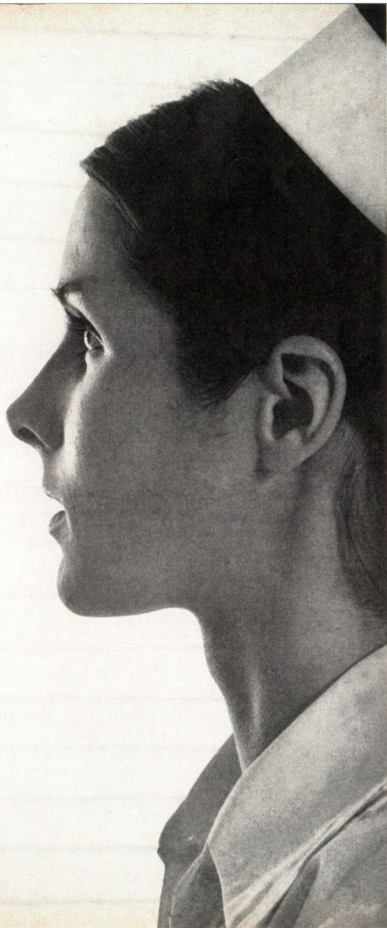
The only real negotiating at Vienna concerned the Soviets' medium-range Backfire bomber, which is left out of the treaty. Following the script that was carefully worked out in advance by U.S. and Soviet officials, Brezhnev read Carter a statement promising that the bomber's range and rate of production would not be increased during the lifetime of the treaty, which expires in 1985. But when Carter asked Brezhnev to confirm that the production rate was 30 a year, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko interrupted to say: "No an-



An emotional, and quite unexpected, embrace after the signing

**You
have the
power
to help stop
an epidemic.**





Brainpower.

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But if these agencies are to be effective, volunteers from the ranks of employers, unions, and other community organizations are needed to contribute their time, expertise, and brainpower. And all citizens should be encouraged to give support to making health planning work.

The rising cost of health care is the legitimate concern of every American. And that includes us.

Private health insurance now covers 177,000,000 Americans, 147,000,000 of them protected against even catastrophic expenses. We've accomplished this through healthy competition. But though the system is basically sound, and doctors and hospitals are making commendable voluntary efforts to control costs, we recognize that no one, including us, has done enough.

That's why we endorse better planning at the local level to bring needed change and greater economy to health care.

We have an interesting booklet called *Planning Your Community's Health Needs*. We'll send you a free copy if you'll write the Health Insurance Institute, Dept. 15, 1850 K Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

A little caring could do a lot to cut the cost of health care.

THE HEALTH INSURANCE COMPANIES IN AMERICA

Let's Keep Health Care Healthy

Nation

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

The Beauty of Freedom

swer is required to that question." After some debate, the subject was temporarily dropped.

Next morning, Carter delivered an impassioned, ten-minute lecture, pounding the table and declaring that he had come to Vienna believing "in good faith" that the Backfire issue had been solved long ago. Gromyko and Secretary of State Cyrus Vance argued for several minutes over which side had departed from the summit script. Suddenly Brezhnev silenced them. "Tridtsat [thirty]," he said, spreading his arms wide. "It's 30 a year. There! Another Soviet concession!" Still, it was an ambiguous and unwelcome addition to the SALT record, sure to be used against the treaty by Senate opponents.

Later, Carter brought up another touchy subject. To verify Soviet compliance with SALT II, the Administration hopes to fly U-2 observation planes over Turkey, but the Turks have insisted that the Kremlin must not object to the missions. Brezhnev's response to the proposal was not conclusive, but Carter felt it was encouraging.

Other military issues were discussed by Defense Secretary Harold Brown, Joint Chiefs Chairman General Jones and their Soviet counterparts, Defense Minister Dmitri Ustinov and Chief of Staff Nikolai Ogarkov. The men talked over the long stalled negotiations on reducing troop levels in Central Europe. No progress was made, but the meeting was still significant: it was the first discussion between U.S. and Soviet defense chiefs since the end of World War II.

Nor was there any success in resolving basic foreign policy differences, but Carter and his advisers left Vienna pleased by the way the summit had gone. Said a U.S. official: "What we went in to get and what we left with came out exactly the way we hoped." Which is to say that Carter had expected no more than a face-to-face exchange on the issues.

One man disappointed by the outcome was former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. Said he: "Fundamentally, the Soviet Union did not act as if it needed to settle anything other than the immediate arms control issue, thereby leaving all the political causes of tension unimproved. In my view, restraint on arms cannot survive lack of restraint in political conduct."

The Administration contends that Brezhnev, although he tried valiantly, was simply too ill to do any actual negotiating with Carter. He seemed to doze off during the state dinners; he needed 20 seconds to sign his name to a copy of the treaty.

Still the White House believes the summit was worthwhile, if for no other reason than the impression Carter brought home of Brezhnev as a man who is trying to do something constructive about arms control. Whether Carter can persuade 67 U.S. Senators to share this view of the Soviet leader and Kremlin intentions remains to be seen. ■

There are only two important forces in the affairs of men, Napoleon once said. One is the sword and the other the spirit, and "in the long run, the sword will always be conquered by the spirit." A diplomat recalled that observation after watching the Soviets in Vienna. Old, wondering men, slow of body and even of wit, moved through the ceremonial rituals, letting everyone know without meaning to that their search for legitimacy is based on brute force. They seem worried about their position, far more than we appreciate.

No hard data from the Vienna summit will prove that, but one could feel it in those ancient streets. Quiet crowds watched the laborious and cloaked comings and goings of Leonid Brezhnev at the Hofburg Palace. The grand patrons of the Vienna Opera stealthily turned their proud profiles when the lights dimmed and in the middle of Mozart raised their opera glasses for furtive study of the Brezhnev mask. Soviet proposals at the negotiating table were from old chapters. Their speeches were uninspired. They seemed oddly fearful of the future, even with their massive arsenal.

Wherever one caught a glimpse in Vienna of the American and Soviet systems displayed side by side, the beauty of freedom showed through. That is not to diminish the danger from the Russians or to ignore the problems of America, but along the Danube, far from gas lines and the catcalls of presidential candidates, one appreciates an open system that renews itself.

The U.S. team appeared young, lean and flavored with humor. The Soviets were heavy, suspicious, and of the 16 who lined up for the treaty signing, twelve had mouths that swooped dourly down. So did their minds. All the new thoughts for disarmament were from Carter, the prodding to move along was his. One could feel the flexibility in the Americans, the license to think almost anything. "It was like seeing Brezhnev in slow motion," said one American, who had watched him pound the table and bound around rooms in earlier years.

Among the more candid Russians who came along, the worries drifted to the surface in their private talk. Brezhnev had flown over Eastern Europe, and the tremors from Pope John Paul II's visit were still in the air. The Soviet economy was in stress, nationalities more assertive. The old men seemed to have only one answer: more missiles, more tanks.

Leonid Mitrofanovich Zamyatin, their chief press secretary, leaned back in his nighttime encounters with Jody Powell and spouted the Soviet line with a certain disdain. After all, he had regularly chewed up past U.S. press secretaries: Pierre Salinger, Ron Ziegler, Ron Nessen. Powell, the Vienna (say *Vye-an-uh*), Ga., debater, was clearly superior. His voice and manner were more forceful, he refuted the Soviet charges with facts and a down-home touch of nastiness, zinging his adversary with some humor. The thought crossed several minds that Zamyatin, like the other Soviets, had been too long in his iron cocoon.

One member of the U.S. delegation looked around the table on the night that the four top negotiators of each nation dined. The youngest Soviet was six years older than the oldest American. The U.S. team voted Brezhnev himself to be the warmest and wittiest man in the group, which is devastating flattery. Talking across the table about the Cubans in Africa, Carter may have been tougher than at any other time in his presidency; yet, in public, he showed almost the concern of a son watching a doddering father. In the American scheme, personal concern does live alongside political disagreement. Not so in the Kremlin.

There is an equation in world power. The more you get, the more it costs; the greater the influence, the greater the trouble in keeping it. Along with their creaking bones, the Soviet leaders were obviously feeling burdened by demands from their extended ambitions. In the old days, when they did not have the power and reach they have today, it was easier to be an irresponsible bully. Nothing happened at Vienna to suggest that they are going to stop making either trouble or weapons, but the overtones from this summit were a needed reminder at a nervous time in the U.S. that our most precious resource remains freedom.



Napoleon by Jacques Louis David

Coal gives gas.



Texaco can turn an old standby into a new source of useful energy for you at home and at work.

Our current supplies of oil and natural gas are limited.

On the other hand, our coal supplies are vast. They should last at least another 200 years at the current rate of consumption.

So Texaco developed a process that will turn America's plentiful coal supply into not-so-plentiful fuel gas.

Basically, what we do is grind the coal, partially burn it to produce fuel gas, then cool and purify the gas.

The result is clean fuel gas that in the future may be used to provide electrical energy to heat your home, cook your meals, help keep the wheels turning where you work.

It's a big investment for Texaco. And a lot of hard work. But it's worth it because it means we can take advantage of what we've got, to give you what you want.



We're working to keep your trust.



MICHELLOB

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*Weekends
were made
for Michelob.*



Nation



Army forces viewing an A-bomb blast in 1955 from five miles away in Nevada

Rediscovering the Past

Congress investigates injuries caused by atomic tests

To the troops stationed at the Army's Camp Desert Rock in Nevada in the early 1950s, it must have seemed like an innocent joke. After being required to witness explosions of atomic weapons, some of the men were given commemorative diplomas certifying their successful completion of courses in "alpha ray education, beta ray orientation, gamma ray examination and nuclear radiation." As an added filip, the mock documents declared them to be "perfect physical wrecks."

Nearly 30 years later, no one is amused. Among the soldiers and civilians who watched the mushroom clouds erupt over Nevada and Utah in the 1950s and early 1960s there has been a disturbingly high incidence of cancer, notably leukemia. Convinced that the disease resulted from radiation exposure, hundreds of veterans or their families, as well as local residents, have filed claims against the Government for millions of dollars in damages.

On Capitol Hill last week, Massachusetts Senator Ted Kennedy convened a joint session of the Senate Judiciary Committee and the Human Resources Health and Scientific Research Subcommittee. What emerged from the latest testimony and the hundreds of pages of declassified documents released by Kennedy is a disheartening story. Almost every time the old Atomic Energy Commission was asked by the military to permit troops closer to ground zero or increase their radiation exposure, the AEC ignored its own safety standards and acquiesced. Items:

► In March 1952, calling the regulation "tactically unrealistic," the Pentagon pressed the AEC to relax its rule that soldiers must be kept at least seven miles away from ground zero. Though the AEC's Division of Biology and Medicine warned of eye damage and burns, though not cancer, its Division of Military Application

allowed the troops within four miles. The military's reasoning: the soldiers could more easily "exploit the enemy's position" after the blast.

► By October 1952, to simulate actual combat conditions, the Pentagon was asking to raise the permissible level of ionizing radiation that soldiers could receive from the AEC limit of 3.9 roentgens over 13 weeks to 3 roentgens of "prompt whole-body nuclear radiation"—that is, the exposure during the explosion—"plus an additional 3 roentgens in post-detonation maneuvering." Again the AEC agreed.

► By 1958 the AEC was developing "clean" atomic bombs, which produced very little fallout. But citing the military's desire for some degree of off-site radiation for troop-training purposes, the AEC agreed not to limit such fallout.

Testifying before the subcommittee, former AEC Commissioner Eugene Zuckert tried to defend these troubling actions. Said he: "The balance was allowed to tip to the military. They knew the implications. I don't think it was our responsibility to override them." Kennedy himself acknowledged that the tests were staged at the height of the cold war and before many of the effects of radiation were known.

In any case, the big questions remain: How to certify claims of injury and how to speed up the slow compensation process. Appearing before the Senate Committee on Veterans' Affairs, headed by Alan Cranston of California, several A-bomb veterans complained that they were being hopelessly stalled: much of the documentation telling how much radiation they received is either unavailable or nonexistent. Of the 330 disability claims filed with the Veterans Administration, only 17 have been granted. The amount: about \$130,000 annually to the veterans or their survivors. ■

Canal War II

House backs Panama treaties

Jimmy Carter's great foreign policy victory of 1978 was his successful fight to persuade a reluctant Senate to ratify the Panama Canal treaties that will give control of the vital waterway to the Panamanians in 20 years. That seemed to settle the issue once and for all, but last week conservatives in the House, just as dead set against the treaties as their colleagues in the Senate, tried to undermine the agreement—and very nearly succeeded.

The tactic was simply to prevent Congress from voting the funds that would allow the U.S. to live up to its obligations under the treaty. The Administration estimates that these requirements will cost the U.S. some \$900 million over a 20-year period. Only about \$85 million of this would go to Panama; the rest would be used to compensate American workers forced to leave the zone and, most important, to move U.S. defense facilities out of the area. Calling the treaties a giveaway, House conservatives argued that Panama should pay all the costs.

Three times in the past month the Administration had been so afraid of losing that it pulled its legislation off the floor. The Administration had hoped that Congress would approve an ongoing mechanism to carry out the provisions of the treaty over the 20-year span. That was too much to wish for. Last week Democrat John Murphy of New York worked out a complicated compromise that, in effect, would give Congress the right to approve the operation every year.

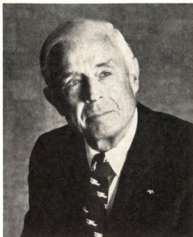
To drum up support for the treaty, the Administration had been mounting an elaborate lobbying effort for months. One recruit was Actor John Wayne. Just days before he died of cancer, Wayne sent a Mailgram message to every Congressman warning that defeat of the Administration's bill "could result in the closing of the canal, which would quite obviously cripple our shipping, our ports, our exporters, and consumers, not to mention our military strength."

P pausing between the summits in Vienna and Tokyo, Carter last week again joined the lobbying effort for the bill, and claimed to have converted 15 Congressmen. He needed every one. Despite the clear danger that U.S. relations with Panama—and the treaties themselves—could be plunged into chaos by a defeat, the Administration narrowly survived a series of votes. One proposal, requiring Panama to pay \$75 million a year as part of the total transfer costs, was defeated by just three votes. Final passage approving Murphy's compromise was 224 to 202. The bill now goes to the Senate, where conservatives are planning to launch yet another attack on the beleaguered treaties. ■

Nation

Into the Red

Moscow to get IBM's Watson



Former IBM Head Thomas J. Watson Jr.

During the Vienna summit, President Carter introduced to President Brezhnev a tall, distinguished white-haired man as the next U.S. Ambassador to Moscow. Brezhnev was delighted. The nominee was Thomas J. Watson Jr., 65, son of the founder of IBM and an innovator who took over the company in 1956 and turned it into the largest computer manufacturer in the world before retiring in 1974 as chairman of the board. What especially pleased Brezhnev and the Soviets about the Watson nomination is the fact that he is a successful businessman with an excellent knowledge of the problems of international trade. The Soviets dearly want to increase their trade with the U.S., and they hope that the new ambassador will help.

Watson, who is expected to be readily confirmed by the Senate, was recommended for the post by W. Averell Harriman, 87, another top businessman who was chosen, by Franklin D. Roosevelt, to serve in Moscow in 1941. Watson had earlier been considered for a Cabinet post. Says a top White House aide: "He's a very strong, competent and enlightened man. He's also tough as nails."

Watson was endorsed by Secretary of State Cyrus Vance. The two have been friends for years, and Vance was once a board member of IBM. Watson chaired the General Advisory Committee of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, a group composed of 15 prominent citizens. Under Watson, the committee met at least once a month and reported to both Vance and Carter.

Although he does not speak Russian, Watson has some firsthand knowledge of Soviet life. During World War II, he spent six months in Russia as part of the Lend-Lease airlift program, piloting Army Air Force transports that carried goods across

the Bering Sea from Alaska. With other business and labor leaders, academics and politicians, Watson was a member of the American Committee on U.S.-Soviet Relations that in 1977 urged cooperation with the Soviets on arms control, science, cultural affairs and trade.

Watson will replace Malcolm Toon, 62, a career diplomat who managed to antagonize both Moscow and Washington. He irritated the Soviets by openly proclaiming himself to be a hard-liner, and he undermined himself with Washington by differing with Vance's policies, which Toon felt were not tough enough.

Toon, who is expected to retire from the Foreign Service at the end of the summer, had been a supporter of SALT. But now he has some doubts, worrying about the problems of verification. That had nothing to do with his being replaced in Moscow, but Watson will have an advantage in Carter's eyes: he is a firm advocate of SALT, and the Administration may use him to help sell the treaty to the Senate.

Hell's Angels

Some wheelers may be dealers

During the 1960s, the motorcycle gang known as the Hell's Angels roared its way through the California Dream, its leather-jacketed and swastikaed members terrorizing entire towns with lead pipes and bike chains. It now appears that the gang has turned itself into a conglomerate of sorts: 18 Angels were arraigned in San Francisco on conspiracy charges, and federal officials claimed in a 31-page indictment that the gang trafficked extensively in illegal drugs, including heroin, cocaine, LSD and speed. They also contended that gang members had murdered and threatened murder in order to protect their share of the lucrative market.

According to the FBI, which began organizing a probe of the Angels two years ago, the gang has between 250 and 300 members in the San Francisco area, with chapters elsewhere in California and in New York, Ohio and the Carolinas. "The investigation established that the organization existed for the purpose of violating the law," said Jerry Jenson, regional director of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration. "The club's bylaws clearly spell out that members will engage in distribution of drugs of a specified quantity and quality in order to remain members." By far the most popular drug sold by the Angels was methamphetamine (speed); investigators estimate that the club controlled up to 90% of northern California's methamphetamine trade. They indicate that the drugs

were produced by the cyclists in five labs capable of turning out \$160,000 worth of pills daily.

Most of the indicted Angels were arrested in a raid on some 30 locations throughout the Bay area. Among those apprehended were the gang's Oakland leader, Ralph ("Sonny") Barger, 40, and his wife Sharon, 29, a onetime beauty contest winner.

Officials seized a pound of speed and a slight amount of heroin, as well as a small arsenal of firearms, including some 1,000 rounds of ammunition. They also found a silk-screen device for manufacturing fake driver's licenses and the insignia and star of the California highway patrol, which the Angels could have used to disguise a car so that they appeared to be members of the forces of law and order.

Federal officers met with little resistance, but at the Angels' "clubhouse," a two-story stucco building in Oakland, they watched while 20 or so gang members roared off on their motorcycles. Oakland police were waiting two blocks away. In Sacramento, according to the drug enforcement administration, one Angel had a quantity of speed spilling from his shirt when he was arrested.

The trial of the Angels is set to begin in mid-August. Each defendant could draw up to 20 years. But even with convictions, says one federal official, "there will be more of them out of prison than in, and you can't change years of a pattern overnight."



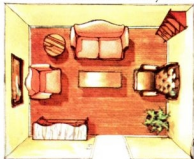
Barger, circa 1967; the Hell's Angels on parade in 1977

An organization for the purpose of violating the law.

Who took The Crown Jewel of England? Solve the mystery- you could win \$25,000!

The sleuth who finds the truth may win a \$25,000 first prize, \$5,000 second prize, or one of five \$1,000 runner-up prizes.

The scene is the drawing room of a 17th century manor house in the heart of the Kent countryside.



The Drawing Room



The Butler

There are five people in the manor house.

Although no one knows it, The Crown Jewel of England is

about to be taken.

The Contessa is whispering to the Squire.

The man in the heavy boots sits holding his favorite drink—a Beefeater Gin and Tonic.

The person seated opposite the Brigadier is enjoying a Beefeater Gimlet.

The Butler enters with a



Lady Trumbull

Beefeater Gibson for the person seated to the right of Lady Trumbull.

The Brigadier mumbles to himself to buy a bottle of Beefeater Gin—The Crown Jewel of England—on the way home.

Suddenly, the lights go out.



The Contessa

out the coupon and tell us (for a chance at \$25,000) who takes

The Crown Jewel of England. That is a far trickier problem, and no one, not even you, is above suspicion. Good luck and good hunting!



The Squire



The Brigadier

Who took The Crown Jewel of England?

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A father carries home the body of his child killed in the battle for Managua



Guerrilla in León recovers ammunition from a slain guardsman

World

NICARAGUA

Somoza Stands Alone

The U.S. recommends intervention, but "Tacho" fights on

For Nicaragua's embattled President, General Anastasio ("Tacho") Somoza Debayle, the week was one of gathering desperation. The communiqués that flowed into his fortified command post in Managua were grim. From León, the country's second largest city (pop. 62,000), came word that a national guard garrison had fallen to the Sandinista National Liberation Front (FSLN). From Rivas, capital of the southwestern district, commanders reported that a force of 700 guerrillas had not been beaten back. Managua itself was under siege. The sounds of heavy artillery salvos echoed through the bunker as So-

moza's elite "Pumas," wearing their distinctive black berets, attacked rebel barricades in the *barrios* on the outskirts of the capital.

So poorly were Somoza's troops faring that the weary dictator retracted his confident boast that he would crush the Sandinistas' "final offensive" in only two weeks' time. Said he: "When the will of the people weakens, it could go either way. Maybe we win, maybe they do."

That gloomy forecast reflected Somoza's growing diplomatic isolation as well as his deteriorating military position. The first setback came when the Andean Group (Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Colombia

and Venezuela) abandoned its efforts to negotiate a truce in the latest flare-up of the 19-month-old civil war. Instead, the five countries declared that a "state of belligerency" existed in Nicaragua and that they considered the Sandinistas to be "a legitimate army." The declaration was designed to allow the group to supply arms to the rebels without violating international laws against intervention in the internal affairs of another country. It also brought them one step closer toward outright recognition of the five-member "temporary government" of Sandinistas and moderate anti-Somoza leaders named by the rebels last week.



In a "liberated zone" of Nicaragua's capital, a family huddles inside makeshift bomb shelter to escape the fighting

Efforts to arrange a truce continued, but the nation suffered in an agony of ceaseless violence and impending starvation.

But more ominous from Somoza's viewpoint was a U.S. request for intervention that would end both the civil war and his family's 46-year dictatorial rule over Nicaragua. The day after a national guardsman wantonly murdered ABC-TV Correspondent Bill Stewart (see PRESS), the Carter Administration spurned the dictator's emotional appeal for the U.S. to "pay back the help we gave in the cold war"—referring to the launching areas that Nicaragua provided for the ill-fated Bay of Pigs invasion of 1961. Instead, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance urged the Organization of American States to bring about "the replacement of the present government with a transitional government of national reconciliation that would be a clear break with the past."

Vance further proposed that the OAS dispatch a peace-keeping force, which might include some U.S. troops, to restore order to the divided country. Vance's six-point plan also included a cessation of all arms shipments to both Somoza's forces and the rebels and a major international relief and reconstruction effort.

Washington's program was aimed in part at preventing the creation of a Cuban-style Communist government in Nicaragua. Declared Vance: "There is mounting evidence of involvement by Cuba and others in the internal problems of Nicaragua." That charge drew an angry reply from Cuba's foreign ministry, which released a statement accusing the U.S. of "pressuring several Latin American diplomatic representatives to come to an agreement in the OAS that would facilitate a military intervention in Nicaragua" in order to "preserve the essence and basis of the bloody and corrupt neocolonial regime dominated by the U.S."

The U.S. plan was also attacked by other OAS members. Some feared that this might create a precedent for future intervention in their own affairs, along the lines of the 1965 Marine landing in the Dominican Republic.

While efforts to find a diplomatic solution continued, Nicaragua was a country in agony. Thousands have died in the fierce fighting between Somoza and the Sandinistas. Though they outnumber the guerrillas by about 4 to 1 and have a vast edge in weaponry, Somoza's 12,000 national guardsmen have been severely strained by the extent of the fighting, which has involved virtually every city and town in the country. To retain control of his capital, Somoza pulled in troops from the countryside, thereby allowing Leon and parts of Matagalpa, Estelí and Masaya to fall into rebel hands.

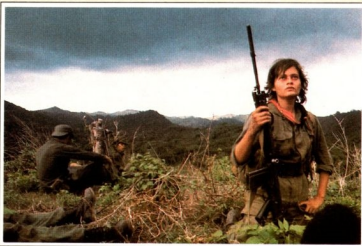
To cut down government casualties, Somoza's troops last week began to shell rebel positions with heavy artillery before moving in to retake streets of Managua's *barrios* "yard by yard." But the indiscriminate shelling, along with devastating bomb and rocket attacks by Somoza's air force, has killed far more civilians than Sandinistas.

Who Are the Sandinistas?

To President Somoza, Nicaragua's uprising is nothing more than a Communist plot aimed at unseating him. "As long as the Communists in Cuba and Panama continue to supply the weapons, there will be a battle," he maintains. The Carter Administration is also concerned about Fidel Castro's influence on Nicaragua's civil war and on the Sandinista National Liberation Front (FSLN), a broadly based collection of Marxist and non-Marxist leftists held together mainly by hatred for Somoza's regime. The evidence of such influence is scant, though U.S. intelligence reports indicate that since late May a Panamanian DC-6B cargo plane has operated regularly between Panama, Cuba and Costa Rica carrying newly trained rebels and a variety of weapons.

The FSLN was founded in 1962 by Carlos Fonseca Amador, a Cuban-trained guerrilla who was slain by Somoza's troops two years ago. Named for Augusto César Sandino, a legendary nationalist guerrilla murdered on the order of Somoza's father in 1934, the Sandinistas started out as a ragtag rebel band that staged sporadic raids on isolated government outposts. Since then, the Sandinistas' ranks have swelled to 3,000 or so battle-hardened fighters armed with an assortment of modern weapons.

As the Sandinistas increased in numbers, they also picked up new recruits from Nicaragua's upper and middle classes. Within the FSLN, three main factions



A woman Sandinista guards wounded guerrillas fleeing a clash with Somoza forces

have emerged from the infighting. Of these, two make no apology for being unabashedly Marxist. But the third and largest group, known as the *Terceristas* (Insurrectionists), is composed of socialists, Roman Catholic liberals (including many priests), trade unionists and even a few businessmen.

Financed by socialists in Europe and South America, the *Terceristas* have staged the most spectacular Sandinista operations, including last year's brief takeover of the National Palace in Managua. The best-known *Tercerista* is Edén Pastora, the Comandante Cero (Zero) who led that raid. More influential are the Ortega brothers, Humberto and Daniel, who represent the *Terceristas* on the nine-man Sandinista National Directorate. Daniel was named by Sandinistas as their representative on the five-member "temporary government" selected last week by the rebels. The others: Moisés Hassan Morales, leader of the Sandinistas' political arm, the National Patriotic Front; Alfonso Robelo Callejas, a businessman jailed by Somoza for leading a strike; Violeta Barrios de Chamorro, widow of the slain editor of the opposition newspaper *La Prensa*; and Sergio Ramírez Mercado, former secretary of the Central American University in Costa Rica.

U.S. officials fear that without a broadly based coalition that includes such groups as the Social Christian Party and even pro-Somoza conservatives, hard-line Marxist Sandinistas will dominate whatever regime succeeds Somoza. But most Nicaraguans believe any organization that can bring about the downfall of Somoza deserves support. Says Father Miguel d'Escoto, a radical priest who has been named ambassador-at-large by the temporary government: "Every Nicaraguan with dignity is a Sandinista, even those who do not belong to the FSLN."

World

Because of the civil war, Nicaragua's economy, already reeling from an almost total withdrawal of foreign investment and a cutoff of U.S. economic assistance, has been dealt a blow from which it will take years to recover.

Nicaragua's agriculture, which employs a majority of the population, has been all but ruined. June is normally the month in which farmers plant cotton, the country's leading farm export, and spray the coffee crop, which ranks No. 2. This year farmers are afraid to go to their fields. The disruption is certain to worsen a severe food shortage.

The most urgent problem is the plight of at least 200,000 people who have fled from the fighting. Some have escaped into the countryside. But most have flocked into refugee centers in the capital, straining the capacity of church and charitable organizations beyond the breaking point. At the National Seminary in Managua, TIME Correspondent Bernard Diederich found 11,000 refugees crowded onto the grounds of what had been a retirement home for elderly priests. Reported Diederich:

As quickly as workmen could throw up one-room wooden shelters designed to ward off the daily summer rains, whole families moved in. Others huddled in their cars parked in the muddy courtyard. Medical supplies were unavailable, and sanitary conditions were so bad that doctors feared epidemics would break out.

Among the refugees, there was fury at the Somoza regime. Many had been wounded by the national guard's indiscriminate shelling and air attacks. Said Miriam Morales, 20, who had just given birth in a chicken coop in the courtyard to her second child: "I have named her Diane, and I hope she never hears a rock-
et in her life."

There were few teen-age boys among the families who sat cooking their scanty meal over campfires in the courtyard. Virtually all have joined *los muchachos*, youths who fight with the Sandinistas at the barricades. Said a seven-year-old whose older brothers have enlisted in the anti-Somoza forces: "When I am big enough I am going to be a Sandinista too..."

Somoza has been able to stay in power because his guardsmen remain loyal. Many of them feel they have no choice. As one officer put it: "If we give up, the Sandinistas will kill us." But there is a growing recognition that the civil war cannot be stopped as long as Somoza reigns. As an American-trained national guardsman put it last week, "In this war, nobody gives an inch. The current round could cease in two weeks. But when it does, both sides will just rearm, and we'll be fighting again in three months or so, just like before." The implicit hope is that Somoza will step aside, sparing his country from ceaseless violence. ■

INDOCHINA

Facing a "Liquid Auschwitz"

The plight of the refugees in Southeast Asia grows worse

The policy was born of desperation, although it seemed shockingly inhumane. Malaysia's Deputy Prime Minister Mahathir Mohamad announced that his government was going to get tough with refugees from Viet Nam. Not only would Malaysia shoot on sight at any more of the so-called boat people who tried to land on its shores, said Mahathir, but it would push back to sea the 76,000 who have already landed there. If necessary, continued Mahathir, Malaysia would build boats in which to remove them. Said he: "If

Mahathir's outburst typified the depth of anger and frustration felt not only by Malaysia but also by several of its neighbors in Southeast Asia. The resources and patience of these countries have been severely strained by the steadily rising numbers of refugees from Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia. In addition to the 76,000 refugees in Malaysia, there are 160,000 in Thailand, 31,500 in Indonesia and 57,000 in Hong Kong, and the governments of these nations are getting more and more worried. Two weeks ago, Thailand repa-



A crowd of Vietnamese boat people who have been allowed to stop temporarily in Hong Kong. Expelled for profit by Hanoi's barbarous policy of racism.

they try sinking the boats, they won't be rescued. They will drown."

Mahathir's ugly words may actually have done the refugees a service, since the threat shocked the Western world into belated recognition of a human tragedy that is almost beyond solution. One Italian newspaper called the situation a "liquid Auschwitz," meaning that in its size and horror the plight of the Southeast Asian refugees is taking on some of the aspects of Hitler's "final solution."

Malaysia later softened its stand, and Prime Minister Hussein Onn informed United Nations Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim that there was no plan to shoot refugees to keep them from landing. Only if no countries are willing to take the refugees already in Malaysia, he added, will his government force the issue by expelling its unwelcome guests.

triated 42,000 Cambodian refugees at gunpoint, sending them back across the border to face turmoil and perhaps death. In Hong Kong, 2,664 Vietnamese who have been stranded aboard the freighter *Skyluck* for five months staged a hunger strike to protest the local government's refusal to allow them ashore.

By taking a firm stand, the reluctant host governments appear to have two purposes in mind: to try to reduce the flow of refugees at the source, and to get some quick response from the West. In the past four years, 540,000 Indochinese refugees have been relocated. The U.S. has taken 210,000, and 230,000 have reportedly been admitted to China. Most of the remaining 100,000 have gone to France, Australia, Canada and West Germany.

Since last November, the flow of refugees has become a torrent. They are cur-

rently fleeing Viet Nam at the rate of 65,000 a month, but are being permanently relocated at the rate of only 10,000 a month. Of these, about 7,000 a month are going to the U.S. The result is that the camps and resettlement areas of Southeast Asia are choked with more than 300,000 refugees. Britain's Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher has called for an international conference on the plight of the refugees, and the subject is certain to be discussed at this week's summit conference in Tokyo.

The main reason for the exodus is a barbarous policy of racism being carried out by the Hanoi government. The great majority of Vietnamese refugees are ethnic Chinese, and in effect the government is expelling them for profit. The ancient antagonism between the Vietnamese and their Chinese fellow citizens was aggravated by the recent Sino-Vietnamese border war. That indecisive conflict evidently caused Hanoi to regard its Chinese population of about one million as a potentially dangerous fifth column. Some refugees arriving in Hong Kong and elsewhere say they were given a choice of emigrating or moving from cities to one of the "new economic zones," a euphemism for Viet Nam's rural labor camps.

From those who have chosen to leave, the Vietnamese government has extorted millions of dollars in gold. Peking has accused Viet Nam of becoming "the biggest and most despicable human trafficker of the present age." The U.S. tends to agree. "This is a cynical and brutal policy," Vice President Walter Mondale told *TIME* last week. "They are just running, people out of the country." Hong Kong government officials say that the trade in human lives has replaced coal as Hanoi's principal source of gold and hard currency. According to some Hong Kong estimates, Hanoi could collect as much as \$3 billion before its Chinese population is completely expelled.

The Vietnamese are conducting this grim policy with the knowledge that large numbers of refugees who leave their native land will never reach safe harbor. Most of the boat people are set adrift in hopelessly overcrowded craft with inadequate food and water. Many of the vessels have capsized in tropical storms; others have been attacked at sea by pillaging Thai pirates.

Two refugees who landed in Hong Kong reported that they were the only survivors of a boatload of 200. Two who reached Japan late last year said that 139 of their companions had perished. On another vessel, broken down at sea, half a dozen people died before a passing British freighter picked up 295 dehydrated survivors last month and took them to Taiwan. The ship has been tied up in Taiwan's Kaohsiung harbor ever since while the authorities try to make arrangements for Britain to resettle the refugees. Since they have no political power, either in their own country or in any other, they must simply sit and wait. ■

TURKEY

Ecevit Gets a Reprieve

But his government faces a troubled summer

Amid fistfights and catcalls at a tumultuous joint session, the Turkish Parliament last week voted 319 to 252 to extend martial law for two months in 19 provinces. Under the circumstances, the margin of victory was surprisingly high: only two days earlier, the government of Premier Bülent Ecevit narrowly survived a censure vote by boycotting a session of the lower house, thereby preventing a quorum. With just 209 seats in the 450-member lower house, Ecevit's Republican People's Party depends on the uncertain support of independents to maintain a slim majority. Meanwhile, Ecevit is under constant attack by burly, gladhand-

mand by the IMF that the lira be devalued by a whopping 70%. Devaluation should restore Turkey's credit with the international banking community, clear the way for billions more in aid, and improve the country's balance of payments by making its exports more competitive. But the move will make life even more miserable than ever for the average Turk, who must cope with an annual inflation rate of anywhere from 60% to 80%, and chronic shortages of everything from bread and coffee to fertilizer.

Meanwhile, Ecevit's government is still grappling with an outbreak of violence that has claimed more than 1,500



Body of dead student (foreground) after shootout in downtown Istanbul

Despite violence, near bankruptcy and political instability, a country clings to democracy.

ing former Premier Süleyman Demirel, whose Justice Party has 177 parliamentary seats but can muster enough support from independents to threaten the government on any important vote.

Eager to return to power, Demirel blames Ecevit for the fact that Turkey is threatened by bankruptcy. The country has exhausted its foreign exchange reserves, faces \$13 billion in foreign debts, and total exports earnings (\$2.3 billion last year) barely cover the cost of imported oil. A group of 24 nations, led by the U.S., West Germany, Britain and France, agreed last month to provide \$1.5 billion in emergency assistance. That aid was contingent on Turkish acceptance of an austerity program proposed by the International Monetary Fund.

Ecevit, who only a few months ago was boasting that "Turkey will depend solely on her own resources," last week bowed to fiscal realism. He agreed to a de-

lives in the past 18 months. The worst incident occurred in December, when 111 people were killed in a sectarian clash between the generally right-wing Sunni Muslims and the often left-leaning Shi'ite Muslims. An ardent civil libertarian, Ecevit reluctantly imposed martial law in 13 of Turkey's 67 provinces. Martial law was later extended to six eastern provinces to head off potential Kurdish unrest stimulated by the revolution in Iran.

Turkish terrorism comes in two varieties. By far the greatest number of victims have died in an ongoing war between extremists of the far left and the far right. Last week in downtown Istanbul, a student was killed and hundreds arrested following a shootout between government security agents and right-wing gunmen. Potentially more dangerous, however, is political terrorism carried out by the Turkish equivalent of the Italian Red Brigades or West Germany's Red Army Fac-



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World

tion. This year they have killed two American servicemen as well as several prominent Turks. The groups consist of small, tightly knit units operating on a hit-and-run basis. Their members come mainly from the upper middle class—youths who have gone beyond an infatuation with Marxism to revolutionary violence. Turkish police have had some success in cracking down on the terrorists. In Izmir, they arrested seven members of a "Marxist-Leninist Turkish Liberation Army Front," an underground organization that may have been responsible for killing the two Americans.

For all their parliamentary squabbling, Ecevit and Demirel are divided more by personal animosity than by ideology. Demirel, by profession an engineer,

generally favors free-enterprise solutions. Ecevit, a poet and the son of a university professor, leans toward mildly socialist ones. Turkey's real problem, though, is that neither party is strong enough to govern effectively. Still, Ecevit sounded optimistic about his own political future and that of his strategically important country in an interview with TIME Rome Bureau Chief Wilton Wynn.

Said Ecevit: "There has been ample freedom in Turkey for 50 years. Those who oppose the regime here hanker for an authoritarian regime, whether of the right or the left. Because our people are attached to democracy [the extremists] cannot get support."

"Under certain conditions we can solve our problems. These include a rea-

sonable degree of political stability and international financial aid for the next two years, beginning without delay. The reason I am optimistic is that Turkey has a vast number of well-trained and well-educated people. We have unexploited mineral resources. We can earn more from tourism than from exports. And we can export construction and engineering services to regional countries. But we are in a very volatile situation. The opposition has chosen this particular period to stir up a government crisis, which will hamper our opportunity to restore our economy with foreign aid. We risk seeing this year wasted in the economic and social sense. We must live with instability for some time, but instability may be the price we have to pay for democracy."

A Delicate Relationship

The U.S. Government has been watching the seemingly chronic economic and political crisis in Turkey with alarm, frustration and a measure of self-recrimination. TIME Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott reports:

When Jimmy Carter and Leonid Brezhnev sat down in Vienna last week for a 90-minute private session, with only their interpreters present, one of the most sensitive issues between them concerned Turkey. The U.S. wants to send U-2 spy planes into Turkish airspace to monitor missile tests from the Tyuratam launch site in Kazakhstan, about a thousand miles inside the U.S.S.R. To verify Soviet compliance with the missile modernization provisions of SALT II, American intelligence must be able to get as close as possible to launches from Tyuratam. Before the fall of the Shah, the U.S. relied largely on nearby listening posts in Iran. When those installations were ransacked by supporters of Ayatollah Khomeini, the U.S. had to fall back on four electronic ground stations in Turkey—and a request for permission to collect additional data by U-2 missions along the Turkish-Soviet border. The Turkish government has said it will grant permission only if the Kremlin does not object. Brezhnev made no promises but was encouraging. He knows that ratification of SALT II could turn on the Senate's confidence about verification.

The issue dramatizes the increased importance of the U.S.-Turkish relationship in the wake of the upheaval in Iran. It also illustrates the deterioration and current delicacy of that relationship. Before the Turkish invasion of Cyprus in 1974 and the subsequent arms embargo imposed by Congress it would have been unthinkable for any government in Ankara to solicit a Soviet blessing for something like U-2 overflights. There is now widespread resignation in Washington that the damage done by the Cyprus crisis five years ago will never be fully repaired. Many in the Government see the U.S. as having abused a valued friendship. Says one U.S. diplomat: "People tend to forget that our three most important and successful postwar ventures in promoting democracy were Germany, Japan and Turkey." After a pause, he adds ruefully, "Of course, the Turks have practiced democracy so well that it often

gets them tied into knots, as is happening right now."

The Carter Administration, like the Ford Administration, tends to blame Congress for overreacting to the Turkish occupation of Cyprus. The invasion was provoked by years of Greek-Cypriot repression of the Turkish minority on the island and by an abortive Athens-instigated coup in Nicosia. Ethnic loyalties have unquestionably played an unhelpful part in U.S. policy. An influential circle of a dozen or so legislators of Greek heritage rammed through the 1974 embargo, which was lifted only last year. The same "Greek lobby" was instrumental last week in blocking House approval of a \$50 million military grant to Turkey. Since 1974 two leaders of the lobby have acquired more power—but no more sympathy for the Turkish position. Congressman John

Brademas of Indiana is now the No. 3 man in the House Democratic leadership. Paul Sarbanes of Maryland has moved from a congressional seat up to the Senate.

State Department and White House officials are hoping that four factors will curb the anti-Turkish feelings on Capitol Hill:

1) the increased strategic importance of Turkey to NATO and the

West now that Iran is neutral at best; 2) the desire to maintain Turkey as a moderate influence in the Islamic world; 3) the need to shore up Turkey against economic collapse; and 4) Turkey's geographic location, which is vital for the verification of SALT.

During West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt's meeting with Carter at the White House three weeks ago, the U.S.-West European economic rescue operation was high on the agenda. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance has called Turkey "the southeastern anchor of the American security system." His principal troubleshooter, Warren Christopher, has made two trips to Ankara this year—in January to discuss the economic situation and in May to talk about U-2 overflights. Says Christopher: "Our relationship with Turkey is one of the most important and complex we have." National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski sees the coming months as critical. Said he last week: "The issue is fundamental. Is Turkey going to continue on the path laid out for it by Kemal Atatürk, namely toward westernization, or is it going to be driven back into the Middle East?" Brzezinski and other policymakers believe the answer could be important not only for Turkey but for its somewhat estranged and nervous ally, the U.S.



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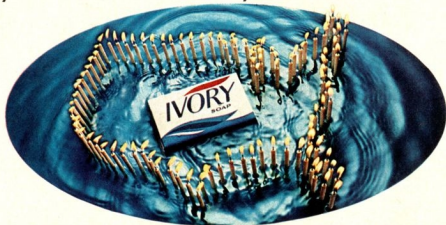


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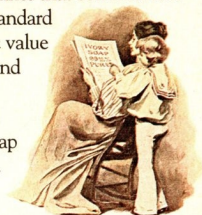
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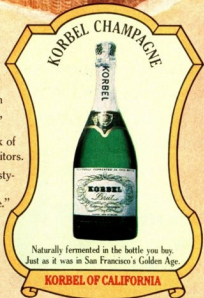
Many a promise is being written in sand.

Marathon picnic outings on the beaches near the Cliff House have hurley-burled in popularity among the City's cyclists.

Wicker baskets heavily laden with Dungeness crab, oyster delicacies, champagne magnums and other sumptuous treats are the hallmark of numerous velocipede-powered suitors.

Passing by one cozy couple, a misty-eyed girl commented, "You've broken the promise you made me." To which, the agile-minded beau brummel replied, "Never mind, my dear, I'll make you another."

There was a time, a golden city and Korbel



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World

BRITAIN

Vindication for Jeremy Thorpe

The "trial of the century" ends in his acquittal

"Will the foreman please stand," said an official of the court. A gray-haired woman, dressed in a blue suit, rose to her feet. "What say you?" inquired the official, reading the first charge, conspiracy to murder. "Not guilty," she replied. There was a stir in Courtroom No. 1 of London's Old Bailey that was immediately hushed by cries of "Silence!" The official continued by asking the verdict for all four defendants. Each time the reply was "Not guilty." Then the official asked for a second verdict, to the charge that one of the defendants had specifically incited another to murder a third person. Again the answer was "Not guilty." The proceedings lasted for scarcely a minute. When the presiding judge, Sir Joseph Cantley, adjourned the court, former Liberal Party Leader Jeremy Thorpe, 50, picked up the three pillows he had brought along to pad his hard wooden chair throughout the 31-day trial and exuberantly tossed them over the dock to his wife Marion.

Thus ended what the British press had dubbed "the trial of the century." The acquittal last week of Thorpe and three co-defendants ended a three-year ordeal that had cost the politician his party leadership, his seat in Parliament and one of the most promising careers in British politics. In the most bizarre sexual-political scandal since War Minister John Profumo's dalliance with Girl-About-Town Christine Keeler in 1963, Thorpe had been accused of plotting to murder Norman Scott, a former male model, because Scott's allegations of a homosexual affair between them threatened Thorpe's career.

In 1975 Scott was taken by Andrew Newton, an erstwhile airline pilot, to a lonely moor at night; Scott was not harmed, but Newton shot his Great Dane, Rinka. Newton was sentenced to two years for possession of a firearm and intent to endanger life. There the matter might have ended, except that after his release from prison Newton began talking of a "contract" to murder Scott. An investigation was launched, which led to a trial.

Also tried were David Holmes, 49, formerly deputy treasurer of the Liberal Party, whom Thorpe was charged with inciting to murder Scott; John Le Mesurier, 49, director of a carpet discount firm, charged with recruiting Newton to kill Scott and paying him off; and George Deakin, 39, a nightclub owner, who allegedly introduced Newton to Le Mesurier and Holmes. Deakin was the only one of the four defendants to take the stand. He testified that Le Mesurier and Holmes

only wanted Newton to frighten, rather than kill, someone who Deakin believed was blackmailing Holmes' wife.

In his summation to the jury of "the rather bizarre and surprising case," the presiding judge described the evidence against Thorpe as "almost entirely circumstantial." He made the point that the prosecution's case relied on the testimony

ing room and later said he wanted to murder Scott for blackmailing him. Bessell, the judge noted, was "a lay preacher who at the same time was sexually promiscuous and, therefore, a humbug."

As for Newton, Cantley described him as "that awful man" and a "conceited bungler" who "might have been inspired to take a little more care" if he had, in fact, been intent on murder. "Whether it was a conspiracy to frighten or a conspiracy to kill, it was badly botched," he said. The judge also made the point that the testimony of the three principal prosecution witnesses was

"tainted" by the huge sums of money that each had received for telling his story to the British press. Bessell admitted on the stand that his contract for serialization of portions of a book he is writing called for twice as much (\$100,000) if Thorpe were convicted. By the judge's reckoning, Scott was paid \$31,000 by newspaper and television companies, and Newton \$22,000.

From the beginning, Thorpe had insisted that he was innocent both of the criminal charges and of any sexual relationship with Scott. In a written statement at the end of the trial, Thorpe called the verdict "totally fair, just and a complete vindication." Then he embraced his wife, a former concert pianist, and his mother, both of whom had attended the trial, and climbed into his old black Humber. He said he intended to take a short rest with his family, away from the glare of publicity.

Few believed that Thorpe would ever again be able to pick up the pieces of what had been a distinguished, indeed brilliant, public life. During his 20 years in the House of Commons he had revived Britain's once great Liberal Party as a potent force in British politics. As a product of Eton and Oxford, and the husband of the former Countess of Harewood, he was an important member of that peculiarly British institution, The Establishment, an exclusive "old boy" network that is still one of the keys to power and influence in Great Britain. In London's fashionable West End, he dazzled Mayfair dinner parties with imitations of leading politicians that wounded with the precision of a fine steel rapier. His public manner lent a youthful zest to politics that the British public openly admired. Thorpe's fall from grace, therefore, was all the more dramatic. In surprisingly sympathetic words, the prosecuting counsel, Peter Taylor, noted: "The tragedy of this case... is that Mr. Thorpe has been surrounded and in the end his career blighted by the Scott affair. His story is a tragedy of truly Greek or Shakespearean proportions—the slow but inevitable destruction of a man by the stamp of one defect."



Jeremy Thorpe, with Wife Marion, after the verdict
A costly ordeal and a shattered career.

of witnesses whose characters were less than trustworthy. Scott, who now trains horses in Devon, gave a highly emotional performance.

At one stage he declared of his relationship with Thorpe: "By the end of 1962 I was very unhappy. I just wanted to finish the whole thing myself, Thorpe and everything. I just wanted to kill Thorpe." The judge described Scott as "a crook, a fraud, a sponger and a parasite."

Another prosecution witness was Peter Bessell, who claimed that Thorpe had confessed his homosexuality to him at a meeting in the House of Commons din-

World

ITALY

What Future?

The Communists are fretful

It has been a rough month for Enrico Berlinguer and his Italian Communist Party. Losing ground for the first time since World War II, the P.C.I. saw its popular vote slip by 4% in the June 3 general elections; a week later the party dropped another 750,000 votes in elections for the new European Parliament. The downward trend continued last week in Berlinguer's native Sardinia, where the party polled less than 30% in a regional election. Stunned by these setbacks, the Communists are entering a phase of soul searching and reappraisal.

The main reason for the Communist decline seems clear: the rank and file are unhappy over Berlinguer's strategy of sharing power with the Christian Democrats in the so-called historic compromise. By pledging parliamentary support to the Christian Democrat-led coalition, the party had to share the blame for the government's failure to deal effectively with such problems as inflation and unemployment. As a result, working-class support for the Communists has fallen off, especially in the big cities.



Pietro Ingrao

Berlinguer's power-sharing policy also led to disenchantment among younger voters, who gave their support to far-left radicals. In Palermo, an analysis of the June 3 vote showed that the Communists' heaviest losses came in districts with large numbers of young voters. By linking up with the Christian Democrats, concluded Massimo D'Alema, head of the party's youth federation, "we lost credibility for the P.C.I. as the party of freedom. We managed to look at the same time both impotent and Jacobin."

The search for causes of the electoral decline has resulted in recriminations aimed at the party's leadership. Citing "errors at the top," the party's peppery elder statesman, Giancarlo Pajetta, warned: "Someone with responsibility will have to pay." That someone might be Berlinguer. Although he has not been publicly attacked by his fellow Communists, Berlinguer's authority is being seriously questioned for the first time since he took over the party in 1972.

The most significant open act of defiance so far has come from Pietro Ingrao, 64. Against Berlinguer's wishes, Ingrao announced two weeks ago that he would not stand for re-election as president of the Chamber of Deputies. He was replaced by 52-year-old Nilde Iotti, a

P.C.I. deputy and longtime companion of Togliatti; she thus became the first woman president of a parliamentary assembly in Italy's history. By giving up his lofty parliamentary post, Ingrao would be better able to descend into the arena of party politics and head an anti-Berlinguer faction. Considered one of the party's deepest thinkers, Ingrao is at the center of a "cerebral" faction that advocates a thorough overhaul of Communist strategy based on a careful re-examination of the party's strengths and objectives. Ingrao and his followers seek to reunify the left by forging new links with the Socialists.

Another threat to Berlinguer's supremacy comes from such hard-liners as Armando Cossutta, 59, who bitterly assailed the present leadership at last April's party congress. Cossutta and his allies want the P.C.I. to return to militant opposition, which would mean the use of strikes and labor unrest to bend the government to their will. Should the Communists decide to break with the Christian Democrats and go into permanent opposition, the hard-liners stand to gain power within the party.

Berlinguer's policies, however, still enjoy support among party moderates, who feel that the historic compromise has not yet been given a fair trial and that a total rupture with the Christian Democrats would destroy the party's only chance of winning real political power through the democratic process. Berlinguer himself has suggested a re-evaluation of the historic compromise, but it remains central to his strategy, and he will ultimately have to answer for it before the party's Central Committee. The committee meets later this month to conduct its own investigation of the elections and fill several vacant posts. While it seems unlikely that he would be ousted as party leader, there is a strong possibility that his opponents will increase their influence on the committee, thereby limiting Berlinguer's room for maneuvering. ■

POPULATION

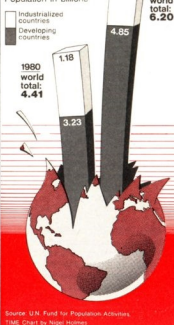
Good News

Birth rates are down, but . . .

The world's fertility rate is dropping, the United Nations Fund for Population Activities reported last week, principally because of delayed marriages and decisions to have smaller families. The U.N. study notes that most governments now recognize the need for comprehensive population policies. Even so, by the end of this decade alone there will be an estimated 738 million more people alive than there were in 1970. By the year 2000 more than 6 billion people will inhabit the planet, twice as many as in 1960. Worse yet, the population of the poorer, developing nations will account for 90% of the increase, multiplying problems of il-

PROPAGATING POOR

Population in billions



literacy, unemployment, poor health and scarcity of food.

Other major conclusions of the study: ▶ In 1950 half the people in developed regions lived in the cities; two-thirds do so now, and 75% are expected to mob the cities by 2000. In less developed nations, heavy migration to the cities has swiftly changed the ratio of urban to rural dwellers. In Third World countries, one person in six lived in a city in 1950; one in three does so today. More than any other trend, the urban boom is "bound to have radical to revolutionary implications for national economic and social structures."

▶ Even in Third World nations, where the incidence of disease remains chronically high, public health programs have resulted in a dramatic increase in life expectancy at birth, from just over 40 years in 1950 to 55 years now and a projected 63 years by 2000. At the same time, Third World birth rates are dropping, although they are still far above replacement level. This is not so in much of the First World: such countries as the U.S. and Japan are only slightly above zero population growth. The result: a "rising average age of the population and increasing proportions of the aged." The phenomenon will require a shift in social spending from child health and education to welfare systems for the old, but a smaller working population will have to bear the increasing cost. Moreover countries with dwindling populations, the report suggests obliquely, may face necessary "changes in political attitudes toward immigration." ■

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warranty period if your car is disabled for any reason — even if you have a dead battery, flat tire, or lose your keys!

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Law

Of Kids, Congressmen and Cancer

Days of judgment in the U.S. Supreme Court

Like college students with term papers due, U.S. Supreme Court Justices begin to churn out opinions at a fast clip as the court's October-to-June term draws to an end. Their most notable decisions last week:

Capitol Immunity. When Congressman Henry Helstoski appeared before a grand jury investigating political corruption in New Jersey in 1974, he came voluntarily and promised "full cooperation." Two years and nine grand jury appearances later, Helstoski was no longer volunteering information or even answering questions. By then the Congressman himself was a target of the probe. In June 1976 he was indicted for taking bribes in exchange for introducing private bills in Congress that allowed aliens to stay in the U.S.

That was the end of Helstoski's twelve-year congressional career. Tainted by the charges of corruption, he was defeated in the November election. But he has continued to enjoy one of the privileges of his former office. Last week the Supreme Court ruled that the Government could not use any evidence against Helstoski that referred to his past legislative activity. The reason: the Constitution states flatly that "for any Speech or Debate in either House," members of Congress "shall not be questioned in any other place."

Helstoski had argued that the bribery charges against him should be thrown out. Though Justice William Brennan agreed, the rest of the court would not go that far. The Government can still show that Helstoski promised to introduce bills.

But it cannot show that he actually delivered. "Without doubt," acknowledged Chief Justice Warren Burger, "exclusion of evidence will make prosecutions more difficult." The Justice Department argued that it would make some bribery prosecutions against Congressmen "nearly impossible." At week's end, the Government was still deciding whether or not to drop its case against Helstoski.

Laetrile in Limbo. While scientists have diligently searched for treatments for cancer, enterprising entrepreneurs have foisted off remedies ranging from peat moss to a paste made from glycerin and Limburger cheese. For the past three decades the most popular anticancer nostrum has been Laetrile, a derivative of the pits of apricots and other fruits, which is used by as many as 75,000 cancer patients. Since the Federal Government has never found Laetrile to be safe and effective, it is barred from interstate distribution. Two years ago, however, a U.S. court of appeals ruled that the ban does not apply to terminally ill cancer patients. The court reasoned that since the patients were going to die anyway, the Food and Drug Act's "safe and effective" standard is irrelevant; thus the Government should not deny them the drug.

The Supreme Court refused to buy that argument, unanimously declaring that the law's protection does reach the terminally ill. The decision will not stop the traffic in Laetrile, however. It has always been easily smuggled, and 20 states have legalized its use. Even the Federal Government cannot prevent interstate shipment of the drug until other legal is-

ssues are resolved, such as whether terminally ill patients have a constitutional right of privacy that allows them to use the drug even though it has not been licensed by the Food and Drug Administration.

Child Rights. Almost 300 years ago, a Pennsylvania man asked local officials to confine his mentally disturbed child. Agreeing that the child had "turned quite mad," they ordered "a little blockhouse" built for "said madman." Mental hospitals have long since replaced blockhouses, and parents now frequently commit children to them. In the past few years, however, so-called voluntary commitment has come under attack. Several court challenges were brought on grounds that parents were simply unloading unwanted children and that the children's constitutional rights were being violated.

In two cases, from Georgia and Pennsylvania, the Supreme Court ruled that children do have some due process rights of their own. A "neutral fact finder," who can be a hospital psychiatrist, must independently decide that the child should be admitted. The court also insisted that "the child's continuing need for commitment be reviewed periodically by a similarly independent procedure." But the court rejected the argument that a child should have a formal hearing, with the right to a lawyer to represent him. The law has historically recognized "that natural bonds of affection lead parents to act in the best interests of their children," wrote Burger. Parents do not always have "an absolute and unreviewable" right to institutionalize their children, but Burger warned against "pitting parents and child as adversaries."

The court's decisions effectively uphold the commitment procedures of more than 30 states. Children's rights advocates denounced the rulings—and promised more litigation.

Believe It or Not

Lucy, who has been a bossy, precocious child for the past 29 years, is now a fallen woman. Or at least about eight months pregnant, judging from an advertisement promoting maternity fashions in Chicago. Quick to defend her honor, United Feature Syndicate, which distributes the *Peanuts* comic strip created by Charles Schulz, has sued Maternity Shop Owner Bernard Poticha. Charging copyright infringement and unfair trade practices, the lawsuit demands that Poticha stop using the ad and seeks \$50,000 damages. Lucy "has been consistently and continuously portrayed... as a young, unmarried girl," says the complaint. To portray her as pregnant is "degrading and offensive... and tends to destroy the wholesome image." The next thing you know, Dick Tracy will sell out to the mob, Daddy Warbucks will go broke, and Charlie Brown will start pitching no-hitters.

Bernard Poticha Is Now Showing
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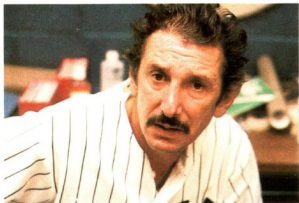
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People



Billy Martin back in pinstripes as manager of the New York Yankees

Who was that chatterbox in pinstripes prowling the third base coaching box at Yankee Stadium? Why, it was Little Orphan **Billy Martin**, back again as manager of baseball's world champions after a year's banishment. This time last season Yankee Owner **George Steinbrenner** decided that Martin was creating too much dissension among his big-name, high-salary players and replaced him with low-key **Bob Lemon**, who produced another championship. But last week, with the Yankees 7½ games back of the Baltimore Orioles, Steinbrenner soured on Lemon. Back came brash Billy with all his old ego and temperament intact. Yankee fans, who like Lemon but always loved Billy the more, greeted the prodigal with cheers and applause seldom equaled since Ruth in his prime, which isn't bad for a so-so infelder with a lifetime batting average of .257.

It was Interior Secretary **Cecil Andrus** last week who seemed to be the endangered species, not the grumpy-looking chick that Andrus held in his hands or the proud big bird that dug its claws into the Secretary's shoulder as they posed together for photographers. The birds were peregrine falcons, and the news was that the Interior Department is going to shelter four of them at its Washington headquarters as a start toward bringing falcons back to the U.S. East Coast, where they were once numerous. That was heartening news for almost everyone except the

capital's pigeons. When peregrines are not digging claws into Interior Secretaries, pigeons are what they love to eat.

Whatever it was that Old No. 48 was taught to block back in 1934 as the offensive-defensive center of the University of Michigan Wolverines, it certainly wasn't metaphors. Back on campus again last

week to lay the cornerstone of his presidential library, **Gerald Ford** emphasized how difficult it had been to raise \$8.4 million for the building, with second down and \$1.4 million still to go. "Two years ago, we were literally back on our own goal line," said Ford, "and we had a long row to hoe. Now we are on the doorstep of success." The Ford library, when completed in two years, will contain 14 million documents, 700,000 ft. of film and 380,000 photographs. One of the documents: a copy of the proclamation Old 48 signed in 1974 granting presidential clemency to Whittier College No. 12, **Richard Nixon**.

Poor pulchritudinous **Elizabeth Ray**, 36, the only aspiring actress who was ever non-typecast. Ray went into show biz after flopping as a non-typist for powerful Ohio Congressman **Wayne Hays**. Both Ray and Hays lost their jobs follow-



Elizabeth Ray in her nightclub act

ing revelations of their great and good friendship. Ray has tried since to make it in the theater. Last week she opened at Manhattan's Riverboat in a nightclub act that was, just possibly, worse than her typing. But the choice of songs was insinuating—*Big Spender*, *A Good Man Is Hard to Find*, *Send in the Clowns*—and her form as good as ever.

So determined is Iran's revolutionary government to wipe out **Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi** that \$135,000 and a free trip to Mecca are now the bounty for anyone who will execute the Shah. Such vengeance naturally unnerves others who fear reprisals for dealing with the exiled royal family. Last week from London, **Baron Enrico diPortanova**, heir to a Texas oil fortune, filed a \$100 million libel suit against ABC-TV for reporting that "despite denials, almost everyone in Acapulco believes the Shah will be moving" into a home diPortanova is building there next to the Shah's sister's villa. After that report, the baron and Wife **Alessandra** received warning from the new government. The diPortanovas, as a result, have holed up in Claridge's. Said the baron: "This is dangerous to my health."



Interior Secretary Cecil Andrus and peregrine falcon friends



Adorned skeleton of noble surrounded by (clockwise from top right): pendant; jeweled scabbard; Aphrodite-Eros; Triumph of Dionysus

Science

The Golden Nobles of Shibarghan

Uncovering a dark epoch in an ancient melting pot's past

As long as anyone can remember, villagers called it Tillya Tepe—the Golden Mound. Even so, no one dreamed of the precious relics that might be unearthed in the strange, 12-ft.-high rise of ground located in a cotton field three miles north of the town of Shibarghan in northern Afghanistan. In 1977 a Soviet-Afghan archaeological team began serious excavations. By last fall they had uncovered the mud-brick columns and cross-shaped altar of an ancient temple dating back to at least 1000 B.C. Then they struck pay dirt—a glittering trove of gold that some Soviets said rivaled Tutankhamun's treasure.

The startling find came to light during routine follow-up digs around the temple's foundation. To their astonishment, the scientists stumbled upon a nobleman's grave with gold artifacts, some 1,000 years more recent than the temple. Soon they located six nearby graves of similar vintage, all between 100 B.C. and A.D. 100. Each



contained an open, raised wooden coffin wrapped in fabric adorned with small gold and silver discs. The skeletal remains—four men and two women, aged 25 to 60—had even more gleaming adornments: remarkably crafted gold-and-turquoise bracelets, pendants, necklaces and daggers. So far, the archaeologists have counted some 20,000 pieces from six graves. They are almost pure (70%) gold, with a few larger objects weighing up to 2 lbs. each. The last grave has been resealed and remains under guard until the team returns in the fall.

Although comparisons at this time with Tut's treasure are surely exaggerated, there is no denying that the excavation will yield important information on a particularly puzzling gap in the murky past of one of the crossroad regions of the world, a melting pot of ancient Mediterranean and Eastern cultures. Says Archaeologist Viktor I. Sarianidi, leader of the research team: "These discoveries fill that gap and we learn that there was no break in the development of the culture."

Astride the silk and spice routes, the region, known as Bactria in ancient times,

Diggers surveying exposed grave

came under the influence of numerous cultures: Indian, Mongolian, Parthian (a Persian people), nomadic (from the Eurasian steppes) and even Roman. All collided with the Hellenistic Greek domination of Alexander the Great, who conquered Bactria in 331 B.C., and his Seleucid successors. Two centuries later, the Greco-Bactrian kingdom was overrun by nomadic groups, among them the Parthians, Saka from the steppes and five Central Asiatic tribes called the Yüeh-Chih. It is at this point that Bactria's history becomes a mystery. Not until one Yüeh-Chih ruler united the five tribes circa A.D. 50 to form the Kushan dynasty does the record resume.

The Soviet archaeologists conjecture that the buried nobles of Shibarghan were members of a local ruling family in the midst of this dark period. One sign of kinship: two skeletons bore rings of identical design. Sarianidi's theory is that a family patriarch stumbled upon the long buried temple and appropriated it as a royal necropolis. For 200 years successive generations were apparently buried at the unmarked site, probably by night to outwit grave robbers.

While most other pieces of ancient jewelry and art found in northern Afghanistan were clearly imported, the Shibarghan treasure is uniquely Bactrian: the work of local artisans using the technique and style of the steppe nomads, mostly Scytho-Sarmatians, skilled artisans who ranged over wide areas of Eurasia. Yet the pieces strongly reflect the cultural crosscurrents of the region, a synthesis of themes and designs never before seen in Afghan art. Figures and symbols from classical Greek mythology fuse with Chinese, Indian and Parthian motifs, all in the steppe art form. As Classicist Claire Grandjouan of Manhattan's Hunter College told TIME Reporter-Researcher Carol Johmann last week: "It is a new and thrilling element to see Greek myth transformed by the art of the steppes." Examples:

► One gold-and-turquoise pendant features a figure of late Hellenistic design, holding at bay two winged creatures similar to griffins—classical monsters with an eagle's beak, wings and talons and the body of a lion. Yet the use of turquoise inlays in teardrop shapes is a telltale mark of the Scytho-Sarmatian and Saka influence.

► A figurine with a well-rounded bust seems to represent Aphrodite, the Greek goddess of love, but also has the wings, wreath and drape often associated with Eros, the male god of love. Besides muddling these mythic details, the Bactrian craftsmen incorporated Indian features in the figure's arm rings, the shape of its eyes and mouth, and the possible caste or marriage mark on its forehead.

► A turquoise-encrusted scabbard portrays the Sarmatian motif of ridged, convoluted animals, one chewing the other, as well as rams' heads with curving horns on the crossbars, but is also lined on both sides with swastikas, a geometric symbol common at this time throughout Central Asia, Europe and India.

► A gold clasp shows Dionysus, the Greek god of wine and ecstasy, in a stunning mix of styles. According to the classical story, Dionysus triumphs over India and is carried back to Greece by a leopard. On this piece, he is astride a creature that seems to be a cross between a griffin and a Chinese dragon. Still he is shown as a classical Greek figure, accompanied by what may be the Cretan princess Ariadne, with the traditional representation of the winged goddess of victory, Nike, behind them. Before them kneels another figure with the face, pointed animal ears and hair of a Greco-Roman satyr, yet he drinks from a Greco-Persian vessel called a rhyton, made of a beast's head and neck.

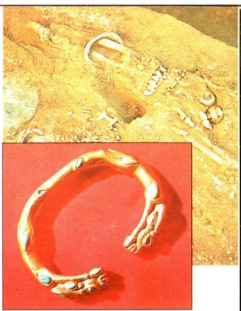
► A gold belt with clasps also depicts Dionysus, but with a distinctly Eastern twist. The reveling Greek god wears his familiar boots and short tunic and carries a fluted cup, yet sports a small Buddhist hair bun.

► A clasp shows a clearly Chinese image of a man, topped by an umbrella, who rides in a cart pulled by an Eastern-style beast, emblematic of the Han dynasty ruling China at this time. Once again the turquoise teardrops encircling the scene mark it as a work with a steppe influence.

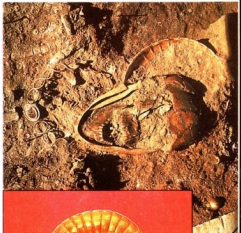
Indeed, the treasure seems to abound with unexpected nuggets of history. One of the graves has yielded a coin that totally baffles the archaeologists; it could be evidence of a semi-mythical Indo-Parthian kingdom thought to have existed in the area. Another of the skeletons shows strong Greek religious influence. Stuck between the teeth is a coin, symbolic payment to the boatman who ferries the dead across the River Styx to the Underworld.

Yet for all the gold, it is the mud-and-brick temple that may prove to be the real scientific treasure, providing insights into Afghanistan's even remoter past. It contains two halls whose flat roofs were supported by 15 square columns; the altar in the larger room shows traces of ash. No one knows who the builders were, what they were burning or where they ultimately went. (One theory: they may have been Aryans, who spoke an Indo-European language and who later decamped to India.) Says Sarianidi: "The temple may yet tell us something about those people, who otherwise have left nothing behind but shards of painted pottery."

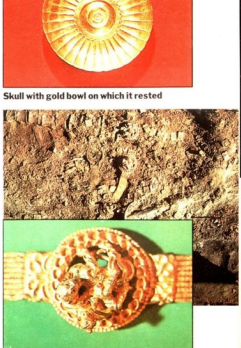
Easternized Dionysus on clasp from belt



Bracelet with inlaid turquoise encircles arm



Skull with gold bowl on which it rested



Economy & Business

A Threat to Global Growth

How the next OPEC-spurred downturn will hit countries big and small

As they awaited this week's two pointedly paired economic gatherings—the OPEC oil ministers' price-setting meeting in Geneva and the summit of the leaders of the seven top industrial democracies in Tokyo—the men who guide the Western economies were fairly exhausting their vocabularies of gloom. U.S. Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal saw "some very nasty storm clouds" developing quickly as a result of the oil cartel's seeming insatiability for higher prices, while West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt intoned about "great danger" ahead for all concerned, including the oil producers. The best hope that France's President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing could offer anyone was that the industrial world could look forward to a prolonged period of "sober growth."

Such gloom is justified; another substantial hike in oil prices could well nudge the Western world into recession. But for a number of reasons a new downturn might not be as severe as the one that struck in 1973-74. Then, the first round of OPEC price hikes helped kick off a global recession that quickly became the longest and deepest that the U.S., for one, had experienced since the 1930s. Moreover, when the oil price explosion occurred, the industrialized nations were all lined up

at the crest of a simultaneous boom. They all skidded into recession together, and many smaller countries slid down with them. Largely to pay their bloated oil bills, the less developed countries (LDCs) borrowed heavily from public institutions like the International Monetary Fund and from private banks in developed nations, notably the U.S. Since 1973, the foreign debt of the non-OPEC LDCs has doubled to more than \$200 billion; today they must spend at least 12% of their export revenues to service their debts.

Japan and the Western European countries were slow to bounce back from the recession and suffered through a lingering period of sluggish production and relatively high unemployment. By contrast, the U.S. economy rebounded fairly smartly: production picked up, and joblessness fell from its 1975 peak of 8.9% to the current 5.8%. But the U.S.'s solo recovery brought problems. Prosperity sucked in imports, but American exporters found little demand for their goods

abroad. Then, too, the nation's dependence on ever more costly foreign fuel increased, lifting the U.S. oil import bill to boggling heights—\$40 billion last year, perhaps \$50 billion this year. The result was a three-year string of stinging trade deficits, including a record \$28.5 billion in 1978. The devastating drop in the value of the dollar overseas, which largely reflected the poor trade situation, helped fan domestic inflation by making imports more expensive.

The Administration insists that the U.S.'s present 13% inflation rate can be tamed by gently slowing the economy. Its program is to: 1) cling to the tattered wage-price guidelines*; 2) hold the fiscal 1980 budget deficit to \$29 billion, down from \$32 billion in 1979; and 3) encourage the Federal Reserve Board to continue to keep a firm rein on the money supply. But most non-Government economists believe that inflation will be curbed only by the recession that they predict will begin this summer.

The most convincing evidence that a downturn is coming is that spending by consumers, which has been the chief en-

*A federal appeals court in Washington last week reversed a decision by a lower court and ruled that the Administration did indeed have the right to withhold Government contracts from firms that break the guidelines.



	U.S.	JAPAN	W. GERMANY	FRANCE	BRITAIN	ITALY	CANADA
GROWTH							
% change in real G.N.P. (1st qtr. 1979)*	0.8%	7.4%	-6.4%	3.0%	-10.0%	3.6%	7.2%
INFLATION							
% increase in C.P.I. (Jan.-April 1979)*	13.2%	7.8%	7.4%	10.8%	13.8%	17.4%	11.7%
UNEMPLOYMENT							
% of civilian labor force (April 1979)	5.8%	2.2%	3.8%	6.1%	5.4%	7.6%	7.9%
OIL IMPORTS (net)							
in billions of dollars (1978)	\$39.2	\$24.3	\$13.2	\$10.7	\$4.0	\$9.1	\$1.1
% of oil imported (1978)	47%	92%	97%	97%	44%	97%	14%

*at an annual rate

Source: G.N.P. figures from Chase Econometrics. All other figures from O.E.C.D.

TIME Chart by Nigel Holmes/Jack Davis

gine of the nation's 50-month-old recovery, is slowing substantially. The nation's output of goods and services grew by a paltry .8% in the first quarter. For April and May, industrial production actually declined, though only slightly, for the first time since January 1978. The standard forecast now is for a shallow slump lasting no more than two to three quarters. But a continuing climb in oil prices could make that slowdown longer and deeper.

Somewhat surprisingly, the other industrial nations, which once counted on the U.S. to be the world economy's "locomotive," would now welcome a mild American recession. After a long period of sluggishness, the six other leading economies—Japan, West Germany, France, Britain, Italy and Canada—are showing hesitant signs of revival. An index of leading indicators for the six advanced 8% during the latest twelve-month period, vs. 1% for the U.S. But the gains have not been without cost, notably a rise in prices. According to the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, which monitors trends in the leading non-Communist industrial states, inflation among its 24 member states rose 1.1% in April, the steepest monthly jump in two years.

A U.S. downturn would slow U.S. inflation and narrow the American trade deficit. It would reduce U.S. oil consumption and thus reduce upward price pressure on crude oil and other commodities. That would enable other countries, notably West Germany and Japan, to continue their moderately expansive policies and keep the world recovery going, instead of being forced to restrain inflation by curbing growth.

The big difference between now and 1974 is that instead of declining in unison, thus severely crippling trade, production and growth, the major nations are all at different points in the economic cycle, making a deep world downturn less likely. A sampler of conditions of the key industrial nations:

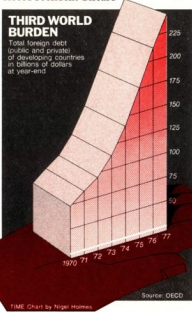
West Germany. The Germans' economy is, as usual, in better shape than any of their European neighbors'. The big worry, also as usual, is rising inflation: though prices increased a mere 2.6% in 1978, inflation so far this year has been running at an annual rate of 7.4%, a figure that might be cheered elsewhere but is regarded with concern in this inflation-phobic nation. German exports are surging and now account for fully 12% of total world trade—the same as the U.S.

Italy. Industrial production, the most reliable gauge of business trends, was up 7.3% in the first four months of the year. In addition, the April balance of payments showed a healthy \$1.1 billion surplus. Yet many forecasters are beginning to take a dim view of 1979's second half, largely because of the gathering oil crisis. Rising fuel prices can only aggravate the root problems: unchecked wage increases, large budget deficits and excessive monetary expansion.

Britain. Despite the efforts of Margaret Thatcher's new Conservative government to rein in double-digit inflation by trimming spending, the country's economic outlook remains bleak. Though Britain's North Sea oil supplies have eased its dependence on OPEC, British exports are still not strong enough to pay for its imports.

Japan. After its longest postwar recession, the country is again moving ahead, with its growth running at an annual rate of 7.4% in the first quarter of this year, up from 6.8% in the final three months of 1978. At the same time, the growth of exports, a main source of irritation between Japan and its trading partners, has slowed. The official growth goal for the year is 6.3%, but, given the need to curb oil consumption, actual economic expansion could be limited to 5% or less.

France. Rising energy prices have forced President Giscard



to scale back his nation's growth projection from 3.7% for the year to 3.4%, and expectations are that it will go even lower by year's end. Yet Giscard has so far taken only mild measures to conserve oil: lower home heating levels, stricter speed limits and vague ideas on producing a more economical car. Inflation remains a serious concern. Last year, seeking to buck up the investment rate by improving profit margins, the French removed the price controls maintained on many goods. But that kicked living costs up sharply—and is a big reason why 1979 inflation is expected to climb above the officially projected 10%.

Canada. The U.S.'s biggest trading partner is having its share of economic problems. Its new Conservative Prime Minister, Joe Clark, is committed to cutting inflation from its present annual rate of 11.7% to 5% and joblessness from 7.9% to 5.5% by 1985. Clark has vowed to use tax cuts and other incentives to boost Can-

ada's growth from its present level.

If advanced nations are worried about the rise in oil prices, the LDCs and the world banking system have even more cause for concern. In the aftermath of the fourfold price rise of 1973, U.S. banks led the way in trying to "recycle" the dollars that flowed into the oil-producing states and were then invested in the West or parked for short periods in the major institutions of industrialized nations. Much of this money was loaned to the hard-pressed developing countries to help them pay their ever heavier oil bills. The international banking system came through that operation in much better shape than many of the pessimists believed possible, though the amounts involved were huge: U.S. banks alone have \$48.7 billion in loans outstanding to needy LDCs.

Though bankers agree that they are nearing the point where additional loans to LDCs could be an unacceptable risk, relatively well-off countries such as Mexico, with its new-found oil riches, and Brazil will continue to find a welcome. Middle-income states such as South Korea, the Philippines and Taiwan will also find lending officers receptive. But the traditional weaklings, such as Dahomey, Upper Volta, Turkey, Zaïre, Egypt and others, will face a real struggle trying to get additional loans. Says one White House economist: "For the weaker LDCs the choice will be either lowering their living standard or cutting their development programs. Neither choice is any good."

As the Federal Reserve reported last week, fully 24% of all U.S. foreign bank loans—mostly commercial—have now been made to non-oil-producing LDCs.

Even so, many American bankers argue that there is no cause for alarm. Nonetheless, critics want banks to take a harder look at LDC loans. They contend that loose lending practices to developing countries encourage those states to avoid the fiscal and monetary discipline needed for broad-based economic development. Many Congressmen also worry that the banks could be caught with their liquidity down in the event of a world recession and a string of defaults. In that event, Washington would be forced to provide aid to LDCs simply to preserve the stability of the U.S. banking system, a move that would be inflationary, disruptive of financial markets and a restraint on growth. Says House Banking Committee Chairman Henry S. Reuss, a longtime critic of banks' overseas lending policies: "The ability of the financial system to pyramid inflationary loans to developing countries is limited, and those limits are being approached."

Banks are not alone in nearing their limits. Unless the OPEC nations come to realize that the world cannot indefinitely absorb rapidly rising oil prices without tipping into recession, the economic outlook for oil users—and thus for their suppliers—will remain uncertain. In such a climate, any return to robust global prosperity is impossible.

Economy & Business

Confidence Vote

The DC-10s rise again

At precisely 3:20 p.m. one day last week, a Swissair DC-10 with 125 passengers aboard lifted off from Zurich's Kloten airport for a flight that ended, uneventfully, 4¼ hours later in Tel Aviv. Almost simultaneously, many more of the U.S.-built, tri-engine wide-bodies were taxiing to runways all over Europe. By week's end 13 European lines, including such prestigious carriers as Lufthansa, SAS, Alitalia and KLM, had put their 58 DC-10s back into the air. Though their decision brought cheers from the plane's beleaguered manufacturer, McDonnell Douglas, it was a blow to the U.S. Federal Aviation Administration. After the May 25 Chicago crash of a DC-10 that took 275 lives, the FAA had not only grounded all of the 138 planes

attachment bulkheads), no similar problems were found on the European crafts. Furthermore, the European lines fly almost exclusively advanced, longer-range versions of the plane, known as the series 30 and 40, rather than the older, shorter-range series 10, which was involved in the Chicago crash. The Europeans claim that the pylon and wing attachments in the long-haul versions are sturdier than those used on the original model, although, in fact, they carry heavier engines than the ones used on the series 10.

At an emergency meeting in Zurich, the European airlines persuaded their national civil aviation authorities to allow the DC-10s to return to the air, even though the U.S.'s National Transportation Safety Board had not yet determined the probable cause of the Chicago crash. Even so, passengers showed little or no hesitance about flying in DC-10s again.

By defying the FAA ban and signal-



TV crew filming takeoff of Tel Aviv-bound Swissair DC-10 in Zurich

After finding no flaws, a European decision to go it alone.

owned by U.S. airlines, but barred U.S. airspace to foreign-owned DC-10s. Asked in House hearings whether the Europeans' decision meant that the FAA had erred, Agency Chief Langhorne Bond replied, "One or the other of us had."

The European action represented a sharp challenge to the authority of the FAA. In the past, European carriers have automatically obeyed FAA directives involving U.S.-made aircraft. When Washington withdrew the DC-10's airworthiness certificate on June 6, the Europeans promptly grounded their 10s too and undertook extensive FAA-required examinations of the engine pylons and wing attachment fittings, which National Transportation Safety Board investigators suspect may have had a key role in the cause of the U.S.'s worst airline catastrophe.

However, since the FAA showed no eagerness to lift the ban quickly, the European airlines became restive. Reason: they did not want to keep the plane on the ground, especially during the peak season of tourist travel. Although one of every three U.S.-owned DC-10s inspected had flaws in the pylon mountings (such as cracks, corrosion and serious stress in the

ing what amounted to a vote of confidence in the DC-10, the European airlines increased the already intense pressures on Bond either to clear the plane for takeoff in the U.S. or spell out its faults and prescribe the cure. But U.S. investigators still have serious doubts about the plane.

Late last week, even as Douglas officials testified before congressional inquiry that the plane should be allowed back into U.S. skies, Bond flew to Los Angeles to confer with FAA safety experts searching for possible design flaws in the DC-10 at the Douglas plant. In his sessions with the FAA experts and safety board "crash detectives," Bond asked if the design and structure of the engine mounts in the 30 and 40 series were sufficiently different to justify clearing the bigger planes, of which there are 35 in the U.S. fleet. Not really, they replied. That left Bond with no choice except to continue the flight ban on all DC-10s.

"I regard the European thing as a difference of opinion," said Bond. "People look at the same evidence and come to different conclusions. I have tried not to be critical of them. But I guess there are still open questions in my own mind that have not been resolved yet."

Ill Omen

Now Iran challenges contracts

Ever since the followers of Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini seized power in Iran four months ago, many foreign companies have been haunted by a worry: Would Tehran's avowedly anti-Western regime honor the contracts for providing modern new industries and services signed during the Shah's long buying spree? The first strong hint came last week, and it was not encouraging—especially for U.S. firms, which hold an estimated \$10 billion in Iranian orders.

In a sudden move, a Tehran court handed down a ten-day injunction blocking further payments to General Telephone & Electronics, which has been drawing down a huge letter of credit for services rendered on a \$700 million project to modernize Iran's telephone system. A team of GTE negotiators had believed they were making progress toward an amicable settlement. But then GTE's local client, state-owned Telecommunications Company of Iran, sued to halt payments on the outstanding credit to GTE worth \$194 million, charging that the company had installed inoperative equipment.

GTE hopes to renegotiate the contract, arguing that the equipment is not working only because other contractors had not yet installed the necessary cables. Failing that, GTE and the Iranians are likely to get into a court brawl when the injunction expires. As if to leave no doubt about its intentions to rap U.S. firms, the Iranian regime next day announced that it was abrogating a large contract with Anaconda, involving the building of a \$1.7 billion copper purification plant.

Several of the largest American contractors, notably Textron's Bell Helicopter Division, Grumman, Lockheed and Boeing, are protected from big losses by the standard U.S. guarantees for arms sales. But other companies involved in civilian projects have no recourse, except to Iranian courts. For example, Brown & Root, the Texas-based construction company, whose \$1.2 billion contract to build a naval base was canceled, has made little progress in persuading the Iranians to settle on termination damages. Fluor had completed 95% of a refinery near Isfahan before the revolution made further work too hazardous and is insisting upon back payments of nearly \$100 million before it will finish the project.

American officials fret that bitterness over the contracts may handicap the small progress made by Washington in improving ties with the regime. The men close to Khomeini could not care less. One suspicion is that the Ayatollah is willing to single out U.S. firms for harsh treatment, thus hoping to trigger a total rupture in American-Iranian relations.



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8mg. tar

9mg. tar

Tareyton lights: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine; Tareyton long lights: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Economy & Business

Big Squeeze

The thrifts cry for help

Once again, it is hand-wringing time at the thrifts. With a 13% inflation rate, people are being driven into investments that offer more than the paltry 5½% or so that savings banks and savings and loan associations are allowed to pay on passbook accounts. The result is that these traditional homes of the small saver are fairly scrambling for deposits. New customers are being lured by both familiar freebies (toasters, tickets to shows) and new appeals. For example, New York's big Bowery Savings Bank (assets: \$5 billion) now has its longtime pitchman, Yankee Slugger Joe DiMaggio, asking folks to take money out of stocks and put it into thrift accounts because it is "a calmer investment." And at some banks, depositors wanting to make sizable withdrawals have found themselves practically grilled by officials about their reasons for doing so.

The thrifts are nervous because for the first time since the early 1970s, when interest rates surged on the eve of the 1973-74 recession, they have been losing deposits in a big way. April, for instance, is normally a poor month for the savings banks, since their customers commonly make large withdrawals to pay taxes. But April 1979 was by far the cruelest ever: nationwide, savings and loan institutions lost \$1.5 billion in deposits (vs. an increase of \$400 million last year). They gained back \$1.2 billion in May, but that was considerably below last year's more normal \$2.1 billion in new deposits.

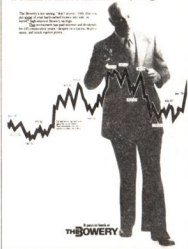
"Savings banks," says Saul Klamann, president of the National Association of Mutual Savings Banks, "have the worst of both worlds, high interest costs and disintermediation." Disintermediation is bankers' jargon for loss of deposits to higher yielding investments, such as Treasury bills. For a while, savings officials thought that this had been averted through the introduction in mid-1978 of six-month money-market certificates (M.M.C.s), whose payout is tied to the going Treasury-bill rate, currently 8.87% for six-month bills. But the M.M.C.s did not bring in just new money; they also attracted funds that the thrifts already held in lower yielding savings accounts. Result: the savings institutions' deposits held up, but their profits were squeezed hard, since they were trading low-pay-out depositors for high-interest M.M.C. holders.

In March the Administration tried to improve the thrifts' earnings by dropping the quarter-point premium that they were required to pay on M.M.C.s when the Treasury-bill rate was at 9% or above. But this backfired because the commercial banks then moved aggressively to compete for M.M.C. sales, cutting into savings-bank deposits.

Now the thrifts feel threatened by a new development: a conviction in Washington that the small saver should no longer subsidize the mortgage borrower. Under pressure from the Gray Panthers' senior citizens' lobby, the Administration has proposed the lifting of interest ceilings on savings deposits and has urged that all federally chartered savings banks offer interest-bearing checking accounts. Last week Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal endorsed Senate legislation to phase out ceilings over a ten-year period.

As of July 1 banking regulators will raise the passbook rate by ¼%, to 5½%, and abolish minimum deposit requirements, except for the \$10,000 M.M.C.s. To offset the higher rates they will have to pay on deposits, next month the thrifts will also be allowed to start offering "vari-

"If you're tired of the ups and downs of the market, The Bowery offers you a calmer investment."



Joe DiMaggio pitching for deposits
The disintermediation blues.

able rate" mortgages whose interest levels will fluctuate with the market cost of money. Up to now those mortgages have been offered only by the big savings and loan associations in California, which has no laws limiting what rates can be charged on mortgages, and where S and Ls are generally in more robust condition than institutions in the East. New York thrift executives are envious. Paul Willax, president of Buffalo's Erie Savings Bank, openly concedes that small savers in the East have been faring poorly. He reckons that a New Yorker who put \$1,000 in a time deposit paying 7½% in 1974 now has \$890, after inflation and taxes, to show for his prudence. He also claims that his bank would earn twice as much as it does if it were in California. In fact, the Erie has purchased a California S and L, for what Willax calls "diversification."

Raciest Rumor

A Chrysler-VW merger?

"There is not a shred of truth in these reports."
—A Volkswagen executive



"This is utter speculation. It's an asinine price."

—Chrysler President Lee Iacocca

Despite those vehement denials, the story that West Germany's largest auto firm was aiming to take over the U.S.'s deeply troubled No. 3 automaker immediately became the hottest non-news of the week. Even though the report was scoffed at by both parties concerned, the rapidity with which it ricocheted through Detroit and Wall Street testified to the atmosphere of anxiety that surrounds Chrysler, which is expected to lose at least \$285 million, and possibly more, this year.

The episode was touched off by an article in the Detroit-based weekly *Automotive News*, the bible of the U.S. auto industry. It asserted that Volkswagen's directors had approved a takeover bid that would pay \$15 a share for Chrysler stock. Faced with denials, *Automotive News* Editor Robert M. Lienert said that his magazine would stand by its story. Meanwhile, Chrysler's somnolent stock suddenly became the most heavily traded shares on the New York Stock Exchange, where they quickly jumped by \$2.50 to close the week at \$10.38.

The notion of a Chrysler-Volkswagen combination seemed plausible, at least superficially, because of the ties that exist between the companies. They are currently renewing a contract under which Volkswagen has been supplying 300,000 engines annually for Chrysler's Omni and Horizon subcompacts, its only two brisk sellers. The two companies also have jointly run an auto plant in Brazil, and Volkswagen makes its popular American Rabbits in a Pennsylvania plant that once belonged to Chrysler.

A takeover could be highly beneficial for Chrysler, which is struggling under a \$50.6 million short-term debt. The company urgently needs infusions of fresh capital to modernize old plants and increase its output of small gas-sipping models. But a Chrysler deal would make little sense for Volkswagen, which has just regained its old momentum after a long period of drift, during which Japanese automakers zipped past it in many major markets. Detroit executives point out that Volkswagen, which is the most firmly established foreign automaker in the U.S., does not need Chrysler's dealer network or antiquated plants. Most of all, VW does not need Chrysler's huge unsold inventory of big autos that could become the albatrosses of the gasless summer of '79.

Want more miles per tankful? These imports aren't the answer:

Import Model	EPA Est. MPG	Fuel Tank Cap.	Est. Cruising Range	Import Model	EPA Est. MPG	Fuel Tank Cap.	Est. Cruising Range
Audi 4000	(23)	15.8	(363)	Honda Accord	(28)	13.2	(370)
Audi 5000	(17)	19.8	(337)	Peugeot 604 SL	(14)	18.5	(259)
BMW 528i	(17)	16.4	(279)	Toyota Corona	(18)	16.1	(290)
BMW 733i	(12)	22.5	(270)	Toyota Cressida	(18)	17.2	(310)
Datsun 510	(24)	13.2	(317)	Volvo 260	(17)	15.8	(269)
Datsun 810	(20)	15.9	(318)	VW Dasher	(23)	11.9	(274)
Fiat Strada	(28)	12.2	(342)	VW Rabbit	(25)	10.5	(263)

Delta 88 is:

18

EPA
EST
MPG

450
MILES

EST
CRUISING
RANGE

27

HIGHWAY
EST
MPG

675
MILES

EST
HIGHWAY
RANGE

Remember: The circled EPA estimate is for comparison to other cars. Your mileage and range depend on your speed, weather and trip length; your actual highway mileage and range will probably be less than the highway estimates. Estimates lower in California. Cruising range

estimates are obtained by multiplying the EPA and highway estimates by the standard fuel tank capacity ratings (Delta 88: 25 gal.). Oldsmobile Delta 88s are equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your Oldsmobile dealer for details.




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Press



ABC Correspondent Bill Stewart on the ground after being shot; and in a recent photograph

A Murder in Managua

For Nicaragua's foreign press corps, hazard is a way of life

Arriving at a national guard outpost in northeast Managua, the heart of the fighting last week in strife-racked Nicaragua, ABC Correspondent Bill Stewart sensed it would be safer to approach on foot. Though his van was emblazoned with FOREIGN PRESS signs, he did not want to do anything that might spook the government troops. In one hand Stewart carried his government-issue press pass; in the other, he held a white flag. His interpreter walked several yards ahead, explaining that they meant no harm.

One of the soldiers raised his rifle, and Stewart dropped to his knees. The guardsman motioned to him to lie down and kicked him sharply in the side. Then the soldier stepped back a few paces and calmly took aim, and shot the correspondent behind the right ear, killing him. Out of sight near by, Interpreter Juan Francisco Espinoza was also murdered. The grisly episode was filmed from the back of the van by ABC Soundman Jim Cefalo and Cameraman Jack Clark, who were not molested.

That evening, Stewart's assassination flickered across millions of U.S. television screens, shocking viewers and touching off a series of official condemnations in Washington. In Nicaragua, most of the 97 foreign journalists covering the war protested the murders in a strongly worded letter that they delivered to President General Anastasio Somoza Debayle at a press conference. The letter also assailed the country's only remaining newspaper (owned by the Somoza family) and the government radio station for an "inflammatory media campaign" depicting the foreign press as "part of the vast Communist propaganda network." Wrote the correspondents: "This is a blatant lie. It foments hostility toward us and makes our work even more dangerous than it already is."

Indeed, covering the Nicaraguan civil war has become one of the most dangerous assignments in journalism. Stewart, 37, was the

first foreign press fatality in the 19 months of fighting, a providential record considering the grave risks that many journalists have been taking. Snipers, street-corner gunfights and indiscriminate government bombing and strafing are ever present threats. Areas of control shift constantly, and both sides are showing a tendency to shoot first and ask questions never. "This is a war of murder," said U.S. Vice Consul John Barger. "Executions are normal. They kill like this every day."

With the fighting spread over a vast area, and with official information either unreliable or lacking, correspondents developed a cooperative news-gathering system of their own. They would venture forth in groups of three or four, attaching themselves to one faction or the other while they witnessed a few hours of combat. At the end of the day, they would return to the Hotel Inter-Continental in Managua, where all of them were staying, and pool what they had seen.

Brushes with tragedy have been frequent. A grenade landed next to Photographer Susan Meiselas but miraculously failed to explode. CBS Correspondent

George Natanson was robbed at gunpoint, and Photographer Matthew Naythons was slugged with a rifle butt. Guard riflemen fired on TIME's Richard Woodbury and two Associated Press newsmen, despite the fact that their car was covered with press markings. Freelance Cameraman Carl Hersch was driving in the city of Esteli when national guardsmen opened fire without warning; his passengers were wounded. The Washington Post's Karen DeYoung, the Chicago Tribune's Mark Starr and two Brazilian reporters escaped a mortar attack on the guerrilla-held town of León. In Managua last week, TIME Mexico City Bureau Chief Bernard Diederich and three other reporters were caught in an artillery bombardment as they attempted to keep a rendezvous with Sandinista leaders. Says the Baltimore Sun's Gilbert Lewthwaite: "It's Russian roulette. Everybody is trigger happy. You don't know where your enemy is or whom they're firing at."

With the risks rising daily, about a third of the foreign newsmen, including all but one of the American networks' 24 representatives, were airlifted out of the country late last week. For them, the balance between their job and their personal safety had tipped under the weight of Bill Stewart's murder. Said ABC Producer Ken Lucoff: "No story is worth a man's life."

Early Friday morning, the Inter-Continental's valiant staff abandoned the hotel after the Sandinistas declared it a military target. The remaining correspondents split up into small groups and sought accommodations elsewhere in the city. Fending for themselves might prove more difficult, but it could scarcely be any more tense. They had shared the Inter-Continental with rancorous government officials and pistol-packing Somoza sycophants, who spent their days drinking morosely and blaming the foreign press for their troubles.

At week's end Bill Stewart's body was flown back to Ashland, Ky., his widow's home town, for funeral services. The national guard arrested a corporal for the murder, but he claimed Stewart was shot by a private who was killed in action later that day.

Ironically, the Nicaraguan rebellion erupted into civil war early last year after the assassination of another journalist, Pedro Joaquín Chamorro Cardenal, editor of the opposition newspaper *La Prensa*. Stewart's death, which has seriously diminished the Somoza government's dwindling international support, may turn out to be equally decisive.



American TV employees board an Air Force plane for Panama

"No story is worth a man's life."



John Paul II is flanked by cameramen after laying a wreath at Auschwitz's Wall of Death

Pope Papers

How to be a Polish journalist

When Pope John Paul II made his historic homecoming to Poland earlier this month, hundreds of Western journalists covered the trip as they would any fast-breaking major story, constantly revising and updating their reports as events unfolded. But their Polish counterparts had no such need for speed and flexibility. The content of their stories—and the number of accompanying photographs—had been largely dictated by the Polish Communist Party's Central Committee weeks before the Pope arrived.

A ten-page draft of the Central Committee's instructions for local coverage of the papal visit has been smuggled out of Poland. Though the document may have been amended in later drafts, it betrays a remarkable obsession with detail and provides a rare glimpse into the backstage workings of a state-controlled press.

The memo unabashedly noted that some Polish journalists would have "ideological and propaganda tasks" throughout the trip and that their stories, even those in nominally independent church publications, would be scrutinized by two five-man censorship teams. The document also recommended that a group of Polish journalists be assigned as propagandists to accompany "certain Western newsmen who show a hostile bias toward us."

The document left nothing to chance: "On the opening day of the visit, the morning and afternoon press will publish a picture of the Pope, the news of his arrival, a profile and a commentary to be distributed by PAP [Polish Press Agency]." The party press "will publish no photographs, only a news item, profile and commentary provided by PAP." Some of the larger newspapers, like *Trybuna Ludu* (circ. 900,000) and *Zycie Warszawy* (circ. 360,000), were given permission to publish their own commentaries, as were "so-

ciopolitical weeklies" and some local periodicals. Everything, however, had to be cleared in advance. One topic that was strictly taboo: the political past of the Pope, who was a nemesis of the Communists while Archbishop of Cracow.

After the Pope departed, according to the draft, Poland's illustrated magazines could "publish several pictures (two to four)," and other publications should step up their coverage of international affairs, "especially with regard to events connected with the upcoming signing of the SALT II treaty," to refocus the citizenry's attention on secular matters.

Actual coverage conformed closely to the plan. On June 4, for example, Poland's morning dailies all had virtually the same story of the Pope's arrival at the same place on the front page with the same photograph of the prelate meeting Party First Secretary Edward Gierek. But the scheme to assign Polish journalists to keep troublesome Western counterparts in line was evidently not used; though many of the Poles covering the Pope wrote little, there were no reports of overt propagandizing. Polish state television was not given specific instructions in the memo, but one cameraman admitted that it was under orders not to show the huge crowds that turned out for the Pope. In one case, TV cameras had to remain fixed on the Pope's hovering helicopter for several minutes to avoid any crowd shots.

After the Pope's visit, *Zycie Warszawy* noted that the event had gone smoothly, although certain unnamed parties—obviously Western journalists—had predicted a "Polish mess" and "Polish disorganization." Mieczyslaw Rakowski, editor of the journal *Polityka* (circ. 290,000) and a member of the Communist Party's Central Committee, complained that some foreign newsmen "did not always write honestly." He added, with unintended irony, "They wrote as if they had been programmed." ■

Religion

No Errors?

The Baptists and the Bible

As president of the nation's biggest Protestant group, the 13.2 million-member Southern Baptist Convention, Texas Pastor Jimmy Allen promoted a gargantuan vision of reaching the entire globe for Christ by A.D. 2000. So overwhelming is that task, said he, that "we don't have time nor need to debate the authority and accuracy of the Bible." But at this month's Houston convention, where tempers were as hot as the fiery furnace, the Baptists elected as Allen's successor a man who could not disagree more.

The new president is Adrian Rogers, 48, pastor of an 11,000-member Memphis church and uncompromising champion of biblical "inerrancy." The term means that the Bible's every word was God-inspired, so that as originally written the books were error-free in every detail. The standard summary of Southern Baptist virtues, the 1925 "Baptist Faith and Message," declares that the Bible "has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth, without any mixture of error, for its matter."

Even so, various Southern Baptist seminary professors have criticized the inerrancy theory and entertained the possibility that, for example, Adam and Eve might be symbols for primordial mankind rather than the first human beings. That was bad enough, but conservatives also feared that questions about things like Adam and Eve would lead to loss of faith in biblical accounts of Jesus Christ. One author cites a 1976 survey at the seminary in Louisville in which nearly one-fourth of the students polled thought it was probably or definitely not true that Jesus walked on water or was virgin-born.

In 1973 the inerrancy militants organized the Baptist Faith and Message Fellowship to turn things around. Adrian Rogers was the group's most prominent founding father and served on its board until last month. Besides that, his Memphis church gives \$36,000 a year to the adjacent Mid-America Baptist Seminary, established by those who think the six official Southern Baptist seminaries are soft on Scripture.

Rogers' victory is an example of organized grass-roots resistance to liberal trends in current religious thought and behavior. Conservatives campaigned in 15 states to draw the inerrancy voters to Houston. Rogers will enjoy wide influence and has indirect power over the appointment of seminary board members. He is already on record as being interested in the idea of investigating the seminaries and what they teach. ■

Education

Learning to Fix It or Fly It

Embry-Riddle: the Harvard of the sky

At busy airports, the blue and white coveralls of the nation's 130,000 aircraft mechanics used to fade unnoticed into the background. No longer. After the crash of an American Airlines DC-10 on Memorial Day weekend, investigators called attention to the disturbing possibility that cracks in the wing engine mounts could have been put there when mechanics routinely overhauled the engine.

Ever since the crash, air travelers have been worried, as never before, about the quality of aircraft-mechanic training. The fact is that airplane mechanics must

former executive of Pan American World Airways.

The glamour of piloting attracts many of the students, who receive flight instruction (at a minimum of \$32 per hour) in the school's fleet of 63 general aircraft. But many, 300 this year, also earn their A & P after completing the five-semester program in airframes and power plants.

"I preach that the responsibility of these mechanics is greater than that of a doctor," says Bob Olson, chairman of E-RAU's maintenance technology division, as he watches a class learning how

over four years. It is not so easy to stay in; only 65% of those entering survive to earn a degree. So high is the FAA's confidence in the school's instructors that the agency allows faculty to give and grade most of the Government's flying examinations; E-RAU maintenance instructors double as officially appointed FAA examiners, subject only to agency spot checks. Since the school first opened in Daytona in 1965, Embry-Riddle students have logged 600,000 hours in the air with only six deaths. Says President Jack Hunt: "We've had three times that many die in motorcycle accidents."

Poisoned Ivy?

A notebook of campus woe

Here at last is the book for parents who have been bemused by the way their college-age children treat what was once regarded as academic Arcadia, the U.S. liberal arts college, as if it were a cross between a snake pit and a Marine boot camp. Lansing Lamont's *Campus Shock* (Dutton; \$8.95) is a reporter's notebook of horrors, gleaned from 675 interviews in the eight Ivy League schools, plus the University of Michigan, the University of Chicago, Stanford and Berkeley.

As Lamont sees it, life in the early and mid-'70s in the \$7,000-a-year Halls of Ivy was a round of rape and robbery and rising racial distrust, of crowding and cheating and grade grubbing and sexual anxiety, of pulverizing noise (from your roommate's stereo) and fear of future unemployment (for history and English majors particularly). Some of the causes are familiar. Heavy enrollment, due to simple greed plus the need to admit more women and blacks, sometimes led to tenement-like conditions in dorms originally equipped to handle half as many bodies. Sexual permissiveness, and the belief that it is O.K. to disturb everybody else provided you're doing your own thing, plunged college students (as actors or witnesses) into time-consuming and emotionally exhausting domestic squalor. "Taking a girl on is like taking on a fifth subject," said a Harvard sophomore.

Lamont's avalanche of quotes and statistics is often devastating. "Cheating is a way of life here," one Penn student told him. By 1976 only half the undergraduates at Stanford would say they thought cheating was unjustifiable. In one year 4,500 books were stolen from the Berkeley library. When caught, college thieves and cheaters tended to say, "I didn't do anything that everyone else isn't doing." Faculty were not much help. Many, Lamont reports, objected to taking a moral stand for fear of "sounding like scolds" to their students. As a University of Chicago professor confided, "We lack the language to teach right and wrong."



Students going over preflight check-out on Cessna 172 with their instructor

"If you make a mistake, you might kill 273 people."

meet federal license requirements that are in some ways tougher than those for pilots. A weekend light-plane flyer needs only a minimum of 35 hours' flight experience before taking the test for his federal pilot's license. Even to replace a wheel, legally, on a single-engine plane, a mechanic needs a Federal Aviation Administration airframe and power plant rating (known as an "A & P"), which requires a minimum of 18 months' training.

One of the best places to get such training is Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University in Daytona Beach, Fla. Embry-Riddle (E-RAU) is the world's only accredited four-year college devoted solely to aviation. Some 3,400 students enrolled this spring at its Daytona campus, most of them working toward a B.S. degree by studying subjects such as pilot training, plane design and aircraft maintenance. The school also offers courses in history and basic science. "Embry-Riddle is to aviation what the Harvard Business School is to the corporate world," boasts Vice President Dick Queenan, a

to slip a stubborn rubber seal over a propeller flange. "Maybe they don't need all the training a doctor gets, but if you make one mistake, you might kill 273 people, not one." Says E-RAU Dean Chuck Williams: "It's a little different from working on an automobile or a truck. Students sense that the bolt they tighten down is going to be flying 400 miles per hour."

Aviation mechanics with the airlines average \$22,000, or half of an airline pilot's salary. Prospects for work in both fields are bright, partly because the last wave of World War II-trained men are approaching retirement. "Look around the airports," says Olson. "Most of the people working on planes are gray-haired." He is right: the average age of airplane mechanics is 57. Most E-RAU graduates get their first jobs in aviation working for charter operators and servicing business planes, rather than going direct to airlines.

Embry-Riddle is easy to get into for students who can pay \$1,050 per trimester, plus flight fees that can top \$20,000

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Theater

Empty Bed Blues

FATHER'S DAY
by Oliver Hailey

Divorce is major surgery. Even if the operation is a seeming success, the patient is never quite the same. The prevalence of divorce has had an incalculable effect on the fabric of U.S. society, but our playwrights rarely broach the subject. A notable exception is Oliver Hailey. His *Father's Day* examines the scar tissue of pain; yet his play is saturated with wry, bitchy, gallant and sex-laced humor, the kind of hilarity that rises from the ashes of despair.

Eight years ago, this play opened and closed in one night on Broadway. Fate is likely to prove kinder this time, since the



Grimes and Hurt in *Father's Day*

Woman-to-woman talk in saucy candor.

production is housed in the intimate surroundings of Manhattan's American Place Theater. *Father's Day* is nothing if not intimate. Initially, it may have been ahead of its time. Playgoers are probably more receptive now to hearing women talk openly of sexual desires and needs.

The three women in *Father's Day* have been left by their husbands. Their responses define their temperaments and personalities. Louise (Susan Tyrrell) is brash, her language is raw, and she is a comic spitfire. She is still in a towering rage over the divorce and harbors delusions of winning her husband back from his present wife.

Marian (Tammy Grimes) is ultracivilized, a paragon of taste and class. She holds no lasting grudge over the divorce and even goes to bed with her ex from time to time. Estelle (Mary Beth Hurt), the most recently separated, is bewildered and scarcely able to cope with the enormity of the experience. An orphan who married an orphan, she had a glowing

faith that building a nest would be the golden tie that binds forever.

In Act II we meet the men who still occupy the holes in the women's hearts. They are not so sharply etched as the women, but are reasonably engaging. Marian's man (Lee Richardson) is a promiscuous boulevardier who swings both ways. Louise's former husband (John Cunningham) is a likable fellow, pugilistic only during the marital mismatch. Estelle's man (Graham Beckel) lives in an orphanage of the mind except that he now has a Du Pont to bail him out.

Too many glib one-liners sail across the stage, but mainly the drama cuts through the seas of postmatrimonial distress, casting a spray of laughter over the salty follies of sex.

— T.E. Kalem

Duck Soup

SCRAMBLED FEET
A revue by John Driver and Jeffrey Haddow

This is a dartboard of a spoof concerning all things theatrical. There are probably enough unemployed actors in Actors' Equity alone to keep off-Broadway's Village Gate comfortably filled for some time to come. But it does not require that much stage expertise to relish the show. Any halfway knowledgeable theatergoer will find it thoroughly diverting in its breezy mixture of barbed sense and absurdist nonsense.

The trials and tribulations of the suburban theatergoer form the basis of one of the skits: the quest for the baby-sitter, the snarl of traffic, parking traumas, reservations that have evaporated, and the final securing of seats in an abysmal location. Each sequence is set to some theater tune; singing "I can't believe these seats" to the melody of *I Could Have Danced All Night* doubles the fun.

Driver and Haddow, who wrote the show, are good at zany little bits of dialogue. In one skit, Jesus Christ shows up for an audition. "You don't look like your picture, Christ," remarks the casting director. "I shaved for a commercial," answers the beardless deity. There is a delicious lampoon of Joseph Papp's Public Theater. A character walks onstage carrying a case labeled P.T. PLAYWRIGHTING KIT. Its contents include "bogus charisma" and a promise to "turn your meaningless tripe into a crock of art."

All four performers, Evalyn Baron, John Driver, Jeffrey Haddow and Roger Neil, play the piano in addition to their other chores. They are fun to be with. At one point, the quartet is upstaged by a duck named Hermione who is put on the piano. A delirious discussion ensues about whether or not the duck will fertilize it. Be that as it may, the evening is well fertilized with laughter.

— T.E.K.

Cry for Justice

THE PRICE
by Arthur Miller

If Arthur Miller had not become a famous playwright, he might have made a top trial lawyer. The rhetoric of the courtroom comes naturally to him. So does the thrust and parry of confrontation. He relishes the niceties of assessing blame, pronouncing guilt and passionately pursuing the quest for justice.

In *The Price*, this quest involves two brothers. The only guilty parties are the past and life's cruel way of wasting lives. The critical event for Walter Franz (Fritz Weaver) and his brother Victor (Mitchell Ryan) was the financial castration of their father in the Great Crash of '29. Victor



Joseph Buloff in *The Price*

Wise saws and modern instances.

abandoned his natural bent for science and joined the police force to provide a secure home for the old man. Unwilling to share that responsibility, Walter cut out, earned his way through medical school and became a successful doctor. His bad nerves are the price of ill-buried remorse and of ordering his life by the jungle code. Victor's sacrificial smugness serves to sweeten the bad taste of having lacked the will to rise to his potential. All this and more emerge in tirades that tend to drone when they should crackle.

The brothers are met to sell off an attic full of old family possessions. This brings in the character who saves the evening. Gregory Solomon (Joseph Buloff) is a marvelous comic invention, a wandering Jewish trader who has spent most of his 89 years in the universe of used furniture. He is rich in juice and joy. His tongue drips wise saws and modern instances like a mercantile Polonius. Buloff is a treasure in the role, an ancient of days, full of pith and vinegar.

— T.E.K.

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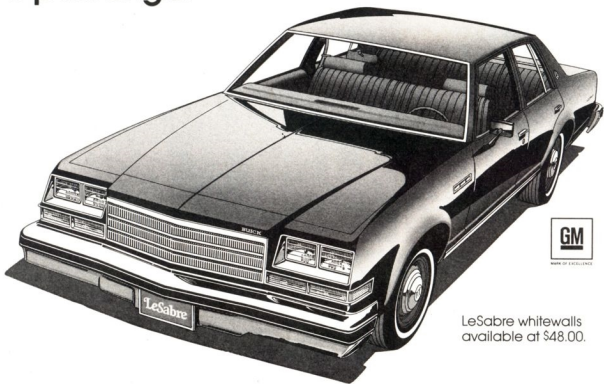
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Art

41 Survivors

Michelangelo at the Morgan

All his life, Michelangelo drew indefatigably—from models, from cadavers, from memory. Yet, according to his friend Giorgio Vasari, "so that no one should ever know the extent to which he had struggled to achieve perfection," Michelangelo burned nearly all the drawings he still owned just before his death at 88. No U.S. museum has ever been able to muster even half a dozen for a show. Thus Manhattan's Morgan Library scored something of a coup when it persuaded the British Museum to send 41 Michelangelo drawings for an extended show. Superbly mounted with the understated elegance that is characteristic of the Morgan's style, the show is far and away the largest single display of Michelangelo drawings ever seen in the U.S.

The drawings were selected to display Michelangelo's progress from young prodigy to grand old master. He was only 24 when he completed the *Pietà* now in St. Peter's, only 26 when he began his famed *David* for Florence. The sketches done at this time demonstrate his incredible instinct for monumentality, acquired, as he said, with the milk of his wet nurse, the wife of a Tuscan stonecutter.

Michelangelo's next challenge was to produce a fresco in the huge new hall of the Palazzo della Signoria, to match a similar fresco to be done by his great rival, Leonardo da Vinci. Though neither painting was ever finished, the cartoons for them became, as Benvenuto Cellini recorded, "so long as they remained intact... the school of the world"; Michelangelo's surviving sketch for a bathing soldier demonstrates why.

In mid-labor, Michelangelo was peeringly summoned to Rome by Pope



Michelangelo's drawings: ideal head (top left); bathing soldier for lost cartoon (above)

Julius II to design his tomb and later to paint the vaulted ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. "The place is wrong, and no painter I," grumbled Michelangelo, who considered himself first and foremost a sculptor. Three superb drawings of torsos show the pains he took over the huge scheme, which cost him four years of neck-straining labor.

By the time he was 60, and despite his success and fame, Michelangelo had turned moody, irascible, feeling himself harassed by worry and his powers waning. Yet he was already launched into the six-year labor of creating the *Last Judgment* on the altar wall of the Sistine Chapel. It was a tumultuous design, here embodied in a sketch dynamic with the swirl of falling bodies and tortured shapes of the agonized damned; his earlier calm, idealized nudes were transformed into the twisted forms expressive of his own brooding sense of sin and death.

But his intimations of mortality were lightened by a series of passionate attachments to beguiling young men, chief among them Tommaso de' Cavalieri, to whom he sent one of his rare "presentation drawings." This depicts the fall of

Phaëton at the moment the overweening hero is struck down by Jupiter's wrathful thunderbolt. On it, Michelangelo wrote: "Master Tommaso, if you don't like this sketch tell Urbino [Michelangelo's servant] in time for me to make another by tomorrow evening, as I promised; and if you do like it and want me to finish it, send it back to me." Michelangelo also had his visions of idealized womanly beauty. The Morgan has a sketch of one such vision, perhaps (as some romantics would have it) a portrait of the only woman he ever loved. She was Vittoria Colonna, the Marchesa di Pescara, a woman 17 years younger than he, and their "love" seems to have been merely one of "intense spiritual friendship."

Fittingly, the show ends with drawings for the project that filled the last years of his life, the construction of St. Peter's Basilica topped by his triumphant dome. The Morgan has added memorabilia from its own stores, including maps and contemporary books. But it is the drawings that bring close that miraculous moment when Michelangelo's own hand touched paper and gave first reality to a vision.

—A.T. Baker



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Music

A Big Bash for Bach Backers

New festival brings Musica Sacra into its own

Time: Christmas 1975. Place: a comfortable apartment on Manhattan's West Side. The members of a New York chorus and orchestra, having failed to raise money for expenses, have had to cancel their planned performance of Handel's *Messiah* at Carnegie Hall. After a potluck supper, the singers and some of the instrumentalists squeeze into their conductor's dining room to perform the work for themselves and a few friends.

Time: last week. Place: Lincoln Center. The same group, now flourishing, is sponsoring and performing in its own festival, called Basically Bach. Inspired by

three years, the group (which works with a nucleus of 29 singers and 28 instrumentalists) has given notable performances of such works as Mozart's *Requiem*, Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*, Haydn's *Nelson Mass*, and yes, the *Messiah*, every year.

The Basically Bach festival gave Westenberg an opportunity to make himself and his performers the whole show—which he rejected. "That's fine for a genius like Karajan," he says. "I wanted people to be able to sample various ways of looking at Bach." So he brought in Rosalyn Tureck for an intensely wrought solo recital on harpsichord and piano. Mar-

in the text. "I'm a word man," says Westenberg, 47. "Very few people can get as excited about a well-phoned vowel or a well-timed consonant as I can." The group's work does not suffer from the chilly immaculateness of many other early-music groups, especially those of the more-authentic-than-thou persuasion. Says Westenberg: "I tend to view life as one earth-shaking event after another. For me, the best music is music that makes a strong statement."

During performances, he tends to abandon approaches agreed upon in rehearsal, spontaneously switching tempos, reshaping melodies, emphasizing new articulations. For Westenberg, who has spent 25 years exploring baroque performance practices, none of this is arbitrary: "The more you know, the more you find a tremendous latitude within the bounds of stylistic authenticity and good taste. My score markings from earlier years are in ink, because I was so sure there was only one way to go; my markings from more recent years are all in pencil."

His earlier markings might as well have been in red ink. Musica Sacra began precariously in 1964 as an outgrowth of concerts Westenberg organized as choir-master of Manhattan's Central Presbyterian Church. Encouraged because the decision to charge admission had doubled audiences, the group incorporated as an independent entity in 1973 and progressed rapidly toward bankruptcy. The trouble was that Westenberg tried to do everything himself: collect texts, read program proofs, deliver checks to the musicians' union. Finally, with help from the New York State Council on the Arts, he hired an administrator, assembled a board of trustees and learned the ways of fund raising ("We'd invite people to dinner and then sock it to them").

Today, with subscriptions and ticket sales rising, Musica Sacra seems assured of a secure place in the New York concert scene. But only in the New York concert scene. "When you have a group as expensive and cumbersome to move around as ours, you can't just take it out to Davenport, Iowa," says Westenberg. "Our future for expansion lies in records and television, and we're working on both."

Besides serving as head of the choral department at Juilliard, Westenberg is now music director at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine (where most of his Musica Sacra singers also perform) and conductor of the Collegiate Choral, a 160-voice amateur chorus. And he is planning another Basically Bach festival for next year. All of this has forced him to forgo his weekly summer baseball games and subsidize the status of a merely passionate fan. His team? "The Yankees—I guess because they're winners." Coming from a man with Westenberg's recent record, that figures. ■



Conductor Westenberg takes in an outdoor brass concert at the Basically Bach festival

"Very few people can get as excited about a well-phoned vowel as I can."

Lincoln Center's long established Mostly Mozart festival, the twelve-day event is complete with buttons, T shirts (I AM A BACH BACKER), lectures, concerts, organ recitals at various churches, and free open-air performances by brass ensembles. The conductor watches concertgoers stream into Avery Fisher Hall and happily ponders the leap from his dining room.

The group in these two scenes is called Musica Sacra. The conductor is a hearty, frustrated baseball player and onetime concert organist named Richard Westenberg. Musica Sacra is a time whose idea has come. That is, it embodies a period and style of music—the great sacred choral works, especially of the baroque—that few before had been able to move from church choirs and amateur choruses into a professional concert series. In the past

garet Hillis, director of the Chicago Symphony Chorus, led a sometimes wayward program of vocal and orchestral works that ended solidly on the *Magnificat*. Harpsichordist Anthony Newman "and friends" sped their dazzling, often unorthodox way through an evening of chamber pieces.

Still, it was the ardent, intelligent music making of Musica Sacra that provided the festival's best moments. They came in the final choral sections of the *Magnificat*; in the orchestral *Suite No. 3* and the *Cantata No. 4* ("Christ lag in Todesbanden") under Westenberg; and above all, in resplendent, moving performances of the *Mass in B-Minor* that Westenberg conducted on opening and closing nights.

Musica Sacra performances have a luminous clarity, not only in the music but

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Cinema



Roger Moore as James Bond surveys Venice from a gondola in *Moonraker*

Agent 007 Goes into Orbit

MOONRAKER Directed by Lewis Gilbert; Screenplay by Christopher Wood

Producer Albert R. Broccoli, the major-domo of the James Bond movies, is the proverbial Jewish mother of cinema: he is not about to let anyone go away hungry. In *Moonraker*, the eleventh 007 opus, Broccoli serves the audience a space-shuttle hijacking, a jumbo-jet explosion and a protracted wrestling match between two men who are falling from the sky without parachutes. All this happens before the opening credits. From there, it's on to gondola chases in Venice, funicular crashes in Rio and laser-gun shootouts and lovemaking in deep space. Meanwhile, beautiful women come and go, talking (ever so discreetly) about fellatio. When Broccoli lays out a feast, he makes sure that there is at least one course for every conceivable taste.

The result is a film that is irresistibly entertaining as only truly mindless spectacle can be. Those who have held out on Bond movies over 17 years may not be convinced by *Moonraker*, but everyone else will be. With their rigid formulas and well-worn gags, these films have transcended fashion. Styles in Pop culture, sexual politics and international espionage have changed drastically since Ian Fleming invented his superhero, but the immaculately tailored, fun-loving British agent remains a jolly spokesman for the simple virtues of Western civilization. Not even Margaret Thatcher would dare consider slowing him down.

For *Moonraker*, Screenwriter Christopher Wood has had to do little more than dream up new settings, a new her-

oine and a new villain with a novel doomsday plot. Everything else takes care of itself. This time around, the bad guy (Michael Lonsdale) is an aerospace conglomerate who plans to wipe out the world's population with deadly Brazilian orchids before hatching a master race from an interstellar sanctuary. To stop him, Bond (the ever smooth Roger Moore) must team up with Holly Goodhead (Lois Chiles), a CIA agent who picked up her astronaut's training at NASA and her judo expertise at Vassar. Such talents come in handy as the couple confront traditional nemeses: an Oriental thug (Toshiro Suga), attack dogs, and Jaws (Richard Kiel), the 7-ft. 2-in., steel-toothed goon introduced in *The Spy Who Loved Me* (1977).

Wood pulls off some witty flourishes. There are funny references to other blockbuster movies (*Close Encounters*, *Superman*, Sergio Leone westerns), as well as amusing bursts of comic-book dialogue ("Look after Mr. Bond," whispers the villain to an aide. "See that some harm comes to him"). Rather than stage variations on Jaws' old fiendish gags, Wood has given the character some surprising twists, including a love interest. As always, there is no explicit gore or sex to jolt the audience back to reality.

If *Moonraker* is not quite as satisfying as *Spy*, the best of the post-Sean Connery Bonds, the difference is in the casting. Lonsdale is a bit too tame; he seems to be doing a John Ehrlichman imitation. Chiles is all too sexless. The title song, the important kickoff for Bond movies, is no match for *Nobody Does It Better*, the Carly Simon dazzler of *Spy*. Still, one does not tend to notice these failings as *Moonraker* unfolds. Broccoli just keeps piling on the goodies: lush Ken Adam sets, gadgetry and gams galore, super stunts and effects. It may be another two-year wait for the next Bond film, so you may as well just stuff yourself silly now.

—Frank Rich



A gravity-free sexual encounter with Holly Goodhead (Lois Chiles) in space
Not even Margaret Thatcher would consider slowing him down.

Fast Break

ESCAPE FROM ALCATRAZ
Directed by Don Siegel
Screenplay by Richard Tuggle

If there is such a thing as a foolproof movie, *Escape from Alcatraz* must be it. Throw together Clint Eastwood, an airtight jail-break plot, a first-rate storyteller like Director Don Siegel ... and what could possibly go wrong? As it happens, almost nothing. True, *Escape from Alcatraz* embraces virtually every cliché known to prison movies. Eastwood does not exactly break new ground as an actor either. Yet this film's familiarity ends by breeding affection rather than contempt. When an old-fashioned genre piece is executed with spirit, audiences can rediscover the simple,

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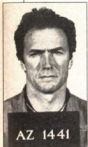
Richard Tuggle, a first-time screenwriter, has based his script on the real-life exploits of Frank Morris, a convict who fled Alcatraz with two buddies in 1962 and was never heard from again. Tuggle's approach to his tale is refreshingly hardheaded; he does not bother with psychological attitudinizing, superfluous subplots or forced comic relief. Once he has introduced us to his characters, as well as to Alcatraz's labyrinthine layout and elaborate security procedures, he unveils his puzzle: How do a few unarmed, heavily guarded cons break out of a maximum-security fortress surrounded by the treacherous waters of San Francisco Bay? The answer to this question proves to be as ingenious, precise and exciting as one might wish. There are no fudged details or *deus ex machina* plot developments to nudge the story to its climax.

Along the way Tuggle takes a risk by surrounding Morris (Eastwood) with some of the most sentimentalized movie prisoners imaginable. There is an old-timer called Doc (Roberts Blossom), who raises chrysanthemums and paints portraits, not to mention a literary librarian (Paul Benjamin) and a cuddly Italian (Frank Ronzio) with a pet mouse. Next to these lovable guys, an average Boy Scout troop would seem like a bunch of Bowery bums. The warden (Patrick McGeehan), of course, is a sadistic horror. He speaks in malevolent epigrams ("Some are never destined to leave Alcatraz—alive") and carries on what appears to be a kinky relationship with his pocket nail clipper.

What redeems these stereotypes is the controlled, idiosyncratic performances of a superb supporting cast. Director Siegel (*Dirty Harry*) never lets an actor go overboard. The same lean quality is visible in his film making. With the help of Bruce Surtees' elegant, metallic-hued cinematography, Siegel makes every point as economically as possible. His style is the visual equivalent of John D. MacDonald's prose, which serves this kind of material well. The tension builds so naturally that neither hokey music or contrived menace is necessary. Only once does Siegel lose control—in a jarringly graphic finger-chopping scene that literally and figuratively sticks out like a sore thumb.

Alcatraz's cool, cinematic grace meshes ideally with the strengths of its star. Not a man to sell himself to the audience, Eastwood relies on a small assortment of steely glances and sardonic smiles. Thanks to his ever craggier face, the gestures pay off better than usual, and so do the occasional throwaway laugh lines. At a time when Hollywood entertainments are more overblown than ever, Eastwood proves that less really can be more.

—F.R.



AZ 1441

Eastwood

Dance

Another Leap for Misha

Baryshnikov to direct American Ballet Theater

Late spring is the silly season for New York balletomanes. Both the American Ballet Theater and New York City Ballet have been performing at Lincoln Center, and the gossip has centered on Mikhail Baryshnikov, who is dancing at City Ballet after four years as A.B.T.'s superstar. Did he get along with Partner Patty? Or did he miss Gelsey? Did Gelsey cancel most of her A.B.T. schedule because she missed Misha? (To their fans, dance stars, like dogs and cats, have no surnames.) Was Mr. B. snubbing Misha by not creating a new ballet for him? Was Misha in fact quitting City Ballet?

Some answers came last week. George Balanchine, 75, was recovering well from a heart bypass operation, which he hopes will enable him to return to choreographing. Baryshnikov will leave City Ballet next year, but hardly in a pout. In September 1980 he will take over as director of A.B.T., the country's grandest and most complex company (87 dancers, about 75 ballets in the repertory and an ambitious touring program). When he inherits this extensive but somewhat raveled empire from Lucia Chase and Oliver Smith, who have been co-directors since 1945, Baryshnikov will be just 32.

A.B.T. has top stars (Natalia Makarova, Cynthia Gregory, Gelsey Kirkland, Anthony Dowell, Fernando Bujones and Baryshnikov, who will also dance). But its stagings of *Swan Lake* and *Giselle* show their age, and newer productions like *Sleeping Beauty* and *Raymonda* have been artistic disappointments. As the management has grown older, young dancers have been left without guidance, to develop or languish on their own.

None of this daunts Baryshnikov. "When I am onstage, the partner, the orchestra, everything matters. The power to take responsibility is the difference between being rich and well and poor and sick." He plans to start work on classics. "That is where my strength and my training are," he says. "I will find new choreographers. I do not intend to use A.B.T. as some training ground for myself."

What worries A.B.T. dancers is not that Misha will experiment, but that he will be too tough. They may have a point. Baryshnikov feels that "in a way I will be onstage every night. If a ballerina does not do 32 fouettés, then I will feel that I have failed too. In fact, if you put on a ballet that calls for 32 fouettés, you should have a ballerina who can do 46." He is aware of the dancers' worries, however: "I must learn a language to speak to them. If they trust my standards, my judgments, me, it will work."

Most of the troupe want peppier times. Says Soloist Victor Barbee: "Misha has proved that if he wants something he can get it. In maintaining the difficult line between the business and artistic sides of A.B.T., Misha won't give up quickly." Adds Soloist Cynthia Harvey, "Misha has a low tolerance for boredom. That will be good for those who can keep up."

One of his most knowledgeable supporters is Nora Kaye, a former A.B.T. star and now a board member. "This is a natural step, but not an easy one," she says. "A.B.T. has never had a real artistic policy. Misha is intelligent, and I hope he will find young choreographers and nurture them. He will be good for the dancers, because he is not jealous in any way—and that is rare. But at first there will be trouble. He will have to sweep out the people he can't use. I think he should be courageous."

Right now Baryshnikov sees the A.B.T. not as a stage to sweep but as "a beautiful Tiffany lamp, made from many wonderful pieces of glass. What can I say? Some parts of the lamp are missing." He agrees with Kaye that the move is natural. "There have been so many things in my life, so many risky positions, tricky situations, so many premieres and styles. I did not know what could excite me now, but this does." He pauses, and wryly adds, "I sound like anyone who ever started a publishing house or a restaurant. You always think you can do better."



Mikhail Baryshnikov: A.B.T.'s new chief
Parts of the Tiffany lamp are missing.

Behavior

Touch of Incest

More than brother and sister

First meetings between adopted brothers and sisters can have an erotic aspect, with prolonged hugging, kissing and nervous jokes about sleeping together. Indeed, says Betty Jean Lifton, an adoptee and the author of *Lost and Found: The Adoption Experience*, a "touch of incest" often hangs in the air. Most adoptees resist the impulse toward sex. Victoria Pittorino, 24, of Arlington, Mass., and her long lost brother David Goddu, 22, of Holyoke, Mass., did not. Separated since infancy, they found each other last Easter, married a few weeks later and now face a criminal charge of incest.

The rather startling drama began when Victoria, who was adopted at three, learned she had been born in the old Massachusetts mill town of Lawrence. When she sought her roots at the town hall, a clerk cheerfully gave her the names of her brother David and their natural mother, as well as their addresses—"information," an official conceded, "that shouldn't have been in there."

When Victoria's adoptive parents, Albert and Isabelle Pittorino, learned of the secret, incestuous marriage, they pleaded with her to talk to a priest before she got pregnant and had "an imbecile child." Said the Pittorinos' lawyer, Margaret Mahoney: "We're all Catholics in this thing. We told her, 'You can't have a child, you can't abort. You have to get counseling.'" But Victoria insisted she had a right to marry her brother.

Told that there was no other legal remedy, the Pittorinos sought a warrant for the couple's arrest under Massachusetts incest laws that trace back to 1695. Shortly thereafter, Victoria and David, who were living together in an automobile, were arrested, booked, and released pending a preliminary hearing in Lawrence on July 25. A conviction could bring up to 20 years in prison.

The troubled affair left almost everyone involved appalled. Says Mahoney: "How could she do this? She had a very comfortable background, good schools, good opportunities." Victoria seems mystified by all the fuss: "You know, it's weird, because they want to put you in jail for being in love. Like love is against the law." Besides, she insists, there is no danger of a defective child—David plans to have a vasectomy. Says David: "We set our minds to separate, but we can't do it."

Last week they marched into the Lawrence *Eagle-Tribune* and gave an interview because, in Victoria's words, "we don't want people to think we need help, that we need a psychiatrist." They probably will find few people who agree. ■



Bouchardon's Cupid preparing to strike

Lovesickness

Is it for real? Can it be cured?

Mary falls in love regularly, breaks up regularly and then takes to bed in deep depression, pulling the covers over her head and eating chocolates for several days. She has twice tried suicide. Mary's problem: she is extremely sensitive to rejection and lashes out at lovers for the smallest slight. That may not strike many doctors as a specific medical ailment. But Manhattan Psychiatrist Donald Klein diagnoses Mary's condition as a typical case of hysteroid dysphoria, a.k.a. "lovesickness." What's more, Klein thinks he has a cure.

Hysteroid dysphoria (literally meaning "hysteria-like discomfort") was considered last year for inclusion in the American Psychiatric Association's diagnostic manual, but was rejected for lack of evidence. Klein, director of research for the New York State Psychiatric Institute, is convinced that lovesickness is real enough. Says he: "These people, mostly women, are not true depressives or manic-depressives. They are so vulnerable that they are driven to repeat their love cycles over and over."

Klein and his colleagues have found that psychotherapy and the conventional antidepressants are rarely effective with the lovesick. But an 18-month study of ten patients, all women, showed that talk therapy combined with antidepressants called MAO (their chemical initials) inhibitors could shake them out of despair. Indeed, when these women were switched to placebos, five of them showed many of their old symptoms. Now Klein is seeking a \$30,000 grant from New York State's Health Research Council for a more detailed, three-year study of the effects of MAO inhibitors on 60 hysteroids. Where will he find that many truly lovesick? No problem, says Klein. "They're all around us." ■

Medicine

Fatherly Risk

Papa may cause defects too

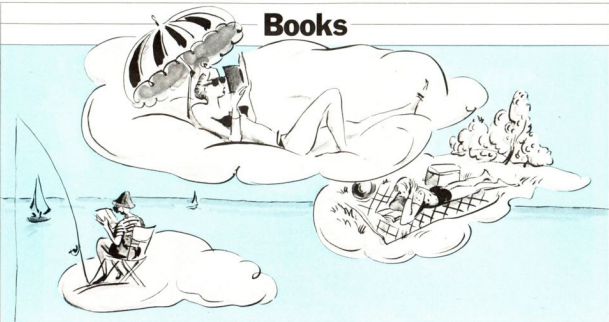
When thousands of badly deformed babies were born in the early 1960s to women who had taken the tranquilizer thalidomide, the tragedy underscored a brutal fact of life: would-be mothers exposed to drugs during pregnancy can endanger the health of their offspring. Indeed, doctors have long assumed that the mother alone is responsible for chemically induced birth defects. The father was considered blameless. At worst, a male's lifestyle—whether he took drugs, for example, or smoked or drank—might affect his own health but not that of his child. Now some doctors are beginning to suspect that dad's habits may be as damaging to the unborn child as mom's.

The new theory is based largely on work with laboratory animals. At the University of Vermont College of Medicine, Pharmacologist Lester Soyka and Psychologist Justin Joffe have been administering methadone to male rats a few days before letting them mate with drug "clean" females. Among the adverse effects on the offspring: small litter size, low birth weights and excessive number of deaths among the newborn. Preliminary experiments with morphine, caffeine and the painkiller propoxyphene (Darvon) produced similar patterns.

Just how such drugs could exert an influence through the male is something of a mystery. Soyka speculates that the chemicals might do their dirty work in a number of ways: by damaging sperm during or after their development; by changing the character of the seminal fluid, in which the sperm are transported; or by so altering mating habits that the changed male behavior might engender harmful hormonal changes in the female.

The evidence with animals is yet to be confirmed by other labs, and when it comes to humans it is no more than anecdotal. But there are a few provocative bits of information. Among medical workers who are around anesthetics regularly—and thus presumably take in some of the gases—there seems to be a higher rate of spontaneous abortions and birth defects: these findings apply to the males who father the children as well as the mothers. This week, at a National Foundation-March of Dimes-sponsored Birth Defects Conference in Chicago, Dr. Louis Bartoschky of Tufts-New England Medical Center is scheduled to discuss the case of a baby born with signs of fetal alcohol syndrome. Only the father was a heavy drinker. For would-be papas, the message seems to be: mind your habits, if you plan an heir. ■

Books



PAUL DEGEN

Summer Reading

Fiction, history and psychology to provoke, instruct and entertain

PSYCHODYNAMIC TENNIS

by Ethan Gologor
Morrow; 227 pages; \$8.95

Ethan Gologor is a psychologist and a tennis player, so it is no surprise when he asserts that "all sports are psychological, but some are more psychological than others. And tennis is the most." Assuming that his readers have the basic tennis skills (no amount of "inner" therapy will compensate for their absence), the doctor outlines the problems of this heady game.

The most serious obstacle is the belief that one must be perfect. "Ironically," Gologor says, "such a belief is held most of all by those who are losing. The leader can say more easily, 'I make errors.' His stature is evident to his opponent, the spectators, and himself. When one is losing, he fears his power may be not at all evident. To accept his errors, then, may be an admission that he's not really so good... The loser must therefore proclaim his surprise at his error with as many histrionics as the audience will bear." In contradiction to what one may feel during the heat of a match, the author suggests that risks should be taken only when losing. For example, when serving at 0-30 take a chance; your opponent already has a great advantage with 50% of the game points. But when ahead 30-0 play it safe. Most points are won on errors, not winning shots. Gologor covers a lot of psychological ground: the aggression behind politesse, the times when anger and guilt are useful, the devastat-

ing aftereffects of missed opportunities. His court-side manner is casual and un-intimidating, his prose free of psychobabble. There is, however, a bit too much commercial top spin in the book's title. *Sensible Tennis* may not be so flashy as *Psychodynamic Tennis*, but it would be more appropriate.

THE SENSE OF ORDER

by E.H. Gombrich
Cornell University; 411 pages; \$38.50

Ordinarily, art histories are not the stuff of summer reading. But E.H. Gombrich is not the usual historian, and *The Sense of Order* is not a standard history. Subtitled "A study in the psychology of decorative art," this wittily illustrated volume ranges from a *New Yorker* cover of Saul Steinberg's to a wall inscription of Pompeii. Gombrich's central thesis concerns the need for order that resides in every human brain. Sometimes nature is accommodating: in hexagonal snowflakes, in the rhythmic chirping of crickets, in the natural laws of gravity and motion. Far more often, the eye sees chaos and the hand seeks to regulate it. The manner of regulation, says Gombrich, exhibits itself in decorative art. From the most elaborate Gothic structures to the smallest Christmas trees, individuals constantly attempt to fill in blank spaces and correct eccentricities. Some of the book's conclusions are debatable: "There are no laws imposing the same aim on any artist working at a given time..." The Renaissance of Christian art would seem to

refute that thesis; the poverty and angularity of urban environments surely have their influence on children who have to go to museums for anything more baroque than an equestrian statue. Yet even when he is perverse, Gombrich stimulates and entertains. His own volume is an imposition of high order on the profusion of art books that offer a thousand views but not a single vision.

LIVIA, OR BURIED ALIVE

by Lawrence Durrell
Viking; 265 pages; \$10.95

Lawrence Durrell has written a duet of novels (*Tunc and Nunquam*) and *The Alexandria Quartet*. Now he is literally trying to go himself one better. *Livia* is a mirror image and extension of *Mon-sieur* (1975), and Durrell has promised that three more novels in this series will follow.

Such structural underpinning helps the writer more than the reader. For all his fascination with the theories of Einstein and Freud, with the fragmenting of personality and time, Durrell fortunately remains a devotee of Scheherazade. *Livia* stands comfortably on its own as a polished romance filled with bright, interesting characters. They gather in the 1930s at Avignon, home of the medieval and mysterious Knights Templars. The air is "full of the scent of lemons and mandarines and honeysuckle" and of something else: dread of the future that Hitler is planning across the border in Germany. Durrell is still prone to over-

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Books

ripe passages, but some of his audacious effects work memorably. He describes the madam of a French brothel sitting in her establishment, "enthroned in wiggled splendour like a very old ice cream of a deposed empress." At its frequent best, *Livia* offers a world of cool, dark enchantment.

BROCA'S BRAIN

by Carl Sagan

Random House; 347 pages; \$12.95

From the title essay, which deals with the discovery of 19th century Brain Researcher Paul Broca's own brain in a formaldehyde-filled jar in a Paris museum, to his final speculation on out-of-body experiences and life after death, Carl Sagan (*The Dragons of Eden*) again balances technical expertise with humanistic thinking. The astronomer is not always successful, as when he tries to relate the psychology of the Big Bang to the experience of birth. But he is unassailable on subjects of pure science: the awesome structure of a grain of salt; the strange,



Carl Sagan

hospitable atmosphere of Titan, a moon of Saturn. Sagan is at his wittiest when he attacks his *bêtes noires*: the ideas of Catastrophist Immanuel Velikovsky. Scientists usually lapse into tantrums when they discuss Velikovsky's belief in Venus as the cause of Old Testament miracles and plagues. Sagan, in a chapter worth the price of the book, refutes the claim so calmly and effectively that the theory, like an exhausted Skylab, falls of its own weight.

A YEAR OR SO WITH EDGAR

by George V. Higgins

Harper & Row; 250 pages; \$9.95

Peter Quinn is a successful Washington lawyer who hates himself for the compromises made on the climb upward. Edgar Lannin is a cynical Boston-based newsman whose life revolves around alimony payments and self-inflicted assaults on his liver. Friends since their college days at Fordham, the collected personnel of George Higgins' newest nov-

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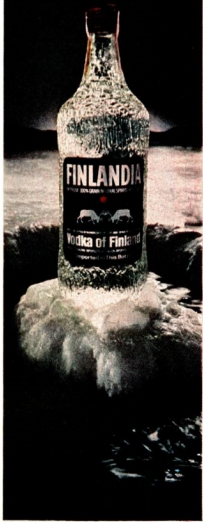
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Books



George V. Higgins

el do not really go any place between the book's first page and its last. But the two, who consume enough alcohol to drown W.C. Fields, manage to talk a good life. Their conversations, about sex and the lack of it, marriage, divorce and children, and Roman Catholic angst, ring as true as quarters on a bartop.

Higgins, author of the minor classic *The Friends of Eddie Coyle* (1972), still knows how to place surreal descriptions in the dialogue of his characters: "Marian looked like a small horse, perhaps a pony, who had read *Vogue* and believed it." And he has not lost his conductor's ear for the music and lilt of Boston Irish patois. Here the punch lines are stronger than the plot lines, but Higgins' characters are so shrewdly observed by *Year's* end, as Edgar confronts Peter, that it is impossible to disagree with his summary: "You're a son of a bitch yourself, but now you've stopped pretending that you aren't. That is our accomplishment." And the author's.

BLOOD OF SPAIN

by Ronald Fraser

Pantheon; 628 pages; \$15.95

Forty years afterward, the conflict that foreshadowed World War II still reverberates in this remarkable oral history. Traversing a scarred land that has endured everything and forgotten nothing, British Historian Ronald Fraser records the memories of survivors. He digs for the truth about Communist betrayals and fascist atrocities, executioners and victims. Many of the recollections are as sanguinary as the war: bombs strike a hospital, airplanes strafe civilians, firing squads are everywhere. Hitler and Stalin control the moves offstage, ever willing to sacrifice Spaniards to German and Soviet causes. Contradiction is the order of the day: "How do you explain that?" inquires a woman. ("*Dios mio!* The people who destroy holy images kiss them." On the left, a father and son have their own civil war and lead separate socialist organizations. Yet throughout, the reader is struck by the dignity

and character of ordinary people who endured and prevailed. Theirs is the *Blood of Spain*, and their total recall is more valuable than any number of academic speculations. The death of Generalissimo Franco has loosened tongues. Doubtless, many new volumes on the Civil War will follow this one. They will have trouble equaling its power and detail. None will surpass it.

SUNDAY PUNCH

by Edwin Newman

Houghton Mifflin; 279 pages; \$9.95

Edwin Newman's comic novel about a skinny English prizefighter who spouts economic theory when struck is what used to be called folderol. As folderol goes, it is on the airy side, and even for airy folderol, it lacks substance. A prospective reader should be warned that the author, perhaps driven to dementia by his efforts to persuade Americans to speak English (in *Strictly Speak-*



Edwin Newman

ing and *A Civil Tongue*), retails a joke about an Oriental fighter named Kid Pro Kuo, "who gave as good as he got." And that one of the characters, a fight manager named Fogbound Franklin, speaks of an important victory as a "mildstone" and ponders asking for a "decease and desist order" when a gangster tries to move in.

"Very interesting, to exaggerate wildly," as one of Newman's wisecracks goes. Worth a smile, at any rate, as Philpott-Grimes, the overeducated and undermuscled pugilist, puns his way to a title shot. It is unclear, and unimportant, whether Newman actually knows anything about boxing. He does know a lot about journalism, and some of his best gibes are about television and the press, including one notable satire of a team of excessively cheery newscasters. This is only to be expected from a veteran NBC correspondent who has spent a large part of his life on-camera, as one punchy character says about a TV anchorman, "standing in front of a government building and saying that only time would tell."



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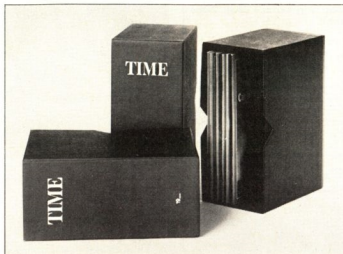
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GIVING UP THE GUN:
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SWORD, 1543-1879

by Noel Perrin
Godine; 122 pages; \$8.95

This surprising moral treatise concerns a historical episode little known in the West in which the Japanese, having learned to make and use firearms, thereupon set those skills aside for 200 years. Portuguese sailors brought the first matchlocks to Japan in 1543, and within a few years the Japanese were using their own much improved models with bloody effectiveness. A nationwide revulsion then occurred, not because of the bloodiness, notes Perrin—Japan was one of the most bellicose countries on earth—but because guns gave common soldiers the means to kill noble samurai. By the time Commodore Perry forced the opening of Japan to the West in 1854, only scholars were familiar with the words that described guns. The nation had been kept free of invasion for two centuries by the fierce reputation of the samurai swordsmen and by the power of artful invention: strips of canvas were displayed on the seacoast when ships passed near. On the strips were murals of forts, and on the battlements of the painted forts were painted cannons.

CLASS REUNION

by Rona Jaffe
Delacorte; 338 pages; \$9.95

Remember *The Group*—Mary McCarthy's novel about eight college girls and how they grew? Change Vassar to Radcliffe, the '30s to the '50s, take away the wry tone, and you have Rona Jaffe's readable reworking, *Class Reunion*. The four women in her sorority are archetypes: Annabel, the flirtatious blond, ends up as a buyer for Bloomingdale's; Daphne, the Golden Girl, hides her epilepsy from her friends, marries a Harvard jock and has a mongoloid daughter; Chris, the shy romantic, marries a homosexual; Emily, the rich Jewish girl, dreams of med school and settles down as a doctor's wife.

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Rona Jaffe

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Books

were "civil rights uprisings in the South" and that "the Watergate hearings went on and on," such external events have little effect on her women. When they gather for a 20th reunion in 1977, their preoccupations are unaltered: clothes and contraception, careers and families, the right cars and the right men. It is a formula that Jaffe has cannily employed in her earlier books, and a sequel may soon provide another: in the epilogue, Annabel's daughter Emma is looking forward to going to—where else?—Radcliffe.

WILD OATS

by Jacob Epstein

Little, Brown; 267 pages; \$9.95

Few college-inspired novels this side of Fitzgerald's *Paradise* have been even B-plus efforts. *Wild Oats* is a refreshing exception. Recent Yale Graduate Jacob Epstein set his low-key whimsy at fictitious Beacham University, a liberal arts college with a hundred-year tradition of the second-rate. Its off-centerpiece, Billy Williams, literally starts off on the wrong



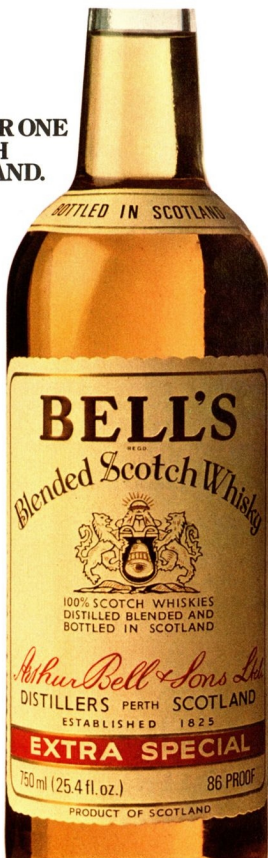
Jacob Epstein

foot by stepping on the college master's dachshund at a cocktail party. He writes a term paper on the *Iliad* titled "The Shoes of the Greeks," falls for a coed named Zizi Zanzibar and takes Chinese so he can know "something hardly anyone else knew, except for several hundred million Chinese people." Woody Allen would recognize the type.

If only he could go home again. But back in Manhattan lurk Billy's sister Abby, who clomps "the treacherous hike from the bathroom to the kitchen linoleum" in hiking boots; his twice-divorced mother; and her balding lover Henry, whom Billy catches poring over nymphet glossies in a porn shop. Epstein is at his best with fresh comic perceptions of growing up absurd in a multiparent home. He is at his weakest in describing Billy's moony infatuation with Zizi, which leads to the novel's adolescent denouement. Still, this is promising reading from a young author (son of Jason Epstein, editorial director of Random House) who is just funny enough to be taken seriously. ■

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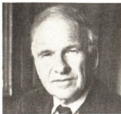
Biography Comes of Age



Edmund Morris



Arthur Schlesinger Jr.



James MacGregor Burns



Dumas Malone



Barbara Tuchman

The house of literature is in its usual state of disrepair. Poetry is depressed, the novel remains in the shadow of James Joyce and Proust, and an aging Tennessee Williams is still the greatest living playwright. But wait: there is a light burning in the attic window. Biography is alive, well, and scribbling away, better than ever. The banners may not be waving in college English departments and the critics may not be cheering quite as much as they should, but we are now in a golden age of biography. Indeed, all but half a dozen of the greatest biographies in the language have been written in the past 25 years.

Just look at the list. In American politics and history we have James Thomas Flexner on Washington, Dumas Malone on Jefferson, Arthur Schlesinger Jr. on Robert Kennedy and James MacGregor Burns on Franklin Roosevelt. The British have given us Elizabeth Jenkins on Elizabeth I, Cecil Woodham-Smith on Queen Victoria, Philip Magnus on Gladstone and Edward VII, and Robert Blake on Benjamin Disraeli. In literature there are treasures from both sides of the Atlantic. Richard Ellmann's Joyce, George Painter's Proust and Leon Edel's James are the chief prizes, but there are many other jewels, including Michael Holroyd on Lytton Strachey, Francis Steegmuller on Cocteau and Quentin Bell on Virginia Woolf. Moreover, the past year has brought a host of distinguished and bestselling additions to the collection: William Manchester island-hopping with Douglas MacArthur, Edmund Morris galloping up San Juan Hill with Teddy Roosevelt and Barbara Tuchman wading through the wars and devastations of the 14th century with the Baron Enguerrand de Coucy. No wonder Holroyd exults: "Biography has come of age!"

Pity all those readers who had to suffer through its prolonged and tedious adolescence. History's original biographer was Plutarch, who lived, appropriately, in the 1st century A.D. If the definition is stretched a little, the entire New Testament might be considered an example of the art. The first real biography in English, however, did not come until 1791, when James Boswell published his *Life of Johnson*, which is still the classic by which all others are judged. "Be there a thousand lives, my great curiosity has stomach for 'em all," exclaimed Boswell; his nosy exuberance sends the pages flying. His contemporaries devoured Boswell as much as we do, but he made them uncomfortable: he was too candid, they thought, too explicit about Johnson's faults and foibles.

That squeamishness only intensified during the Victorian era, blighting the whole form for the next 120 years. "In every picture there should be shade as well as light," said Boswell. The Victorians, however, wanted, or claimed they wanted, to hear only good about their heroes. The historian Thomas Carlyle was an exception; he instructed his own bi-

ographer, James Anthony Froude, to put down the truth about him. But when he died and Froude did just that, telling how sour, self-centered and occasionally violent the great man really was, half of England denounced Froude as a scoundrel and a traitor. Biographies were popular in both Britain and America throughout the 19th century, but few modern readers could or would endure them. Speeches and letters were quoted at enormous length—a life of Lincoln ran to ten volumes. Authors were expected to remain discreetly behind the curtains, without a voice or point of view.

Lytton Strachey had both, and his *Eminent Victorians*, which made fun of those letter-writing idols, delighted post-World War I readers, who wanted to hear the dirt about the people who had brought on the disaster. Strachey was imitated throughout the '20s and '30s and, wrote Bernard De Voto, "biography seemed to be no more than a high-spirited game of yanking out shirtilands and setting fire to them." That game is over. In the past generation the best biographers have righted the balance, creating what approaches a fresh and vigorous art form.

Biography has always been a demanding discipline. "It is perhaps as difficult to write a good life as to live one," said Strachey. A good biographer should combine the skills of the novelist and the detective, and add to them the patience and compassion of the priest. Few people want their shortcomings exposed (biography has added a new terror to death, complained one 18th century writer), and they, or their heirs, often go to considerable trouble to hide them. Somerset Maugham asked his friends to destroy his letters; both Willa Cather and Ernest Hemingway inveighed against posthumous publication of theirs. Charles Dickens burned thousands of letters while his sons roasted onions in their ashes, and Henry James destroyed 40 years of correspondence. Walt Whitman carefully tore pages out of his notebooks, altered the sequence of his love poems so that no one could figure out to whom they were addressed, and wrote in code the initials of his lovers.

Besides being given to wiping away their past, many people, particularly writers, are prone to fabrication. Mark Twain could not resist a good story about himself, even if he had to make it up; William Butler Yeats dressed in colorful myths; and George Bernard Shaw found simple facts insufficiently expressive. "He declared that a literal account of anything is neither true nor false," wrote his biographer, Hesketh Pearson. "And so, in order to achieve essential truth, he would embroider an episode and sometimes even invent one, as in his account of dancing around [Dublin's] Fitzroy Square with a policeman in the early hours of the morning."

Very often the erroneous stories see print, properly buttressed by improper footnotes and



Boswell (left) and Johnson

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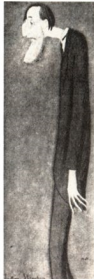
Essay

references. Yet, if he persists long enough, the biographer can usually ferret out the facts about anybody. Dickens and James made bonfires of their letters, but many more remained—11,000 in the case of Dickens, 12,000 in that of James. Indeed, sometimes the danger is not too little information, but too much. Inexplicably, Lewis Carroll kept a register of letters written and received, amounting to 98,721 between 1861 and 1898. No wonder the White Rabbit had so little time: he was always at his desk grinding out those damned letters.

Until fairly recently, sex was still a sensitive subject for biographers. Now, naturally, there are no rules. We have learned that Joan Crawford, Tyrone Power and Errol Flynn, those sex symbols of the '30s and '40s, swung both ways, and that E.M. Forster and Somerset Maugham were homosexuals. The whole trend makes Barbara Tuchman, for one, uncomfortable. "The major change in the writing of recent years," she says, "is the belief that the public has a right to know about a public person's private life. I don't think the public has that right." Tuchman was therefore confronted with a dilemma when she was researching her life of General Joseph Stilwell, who had written an unmistakable, unambiguous "None of your damned business" on the top of his diaries. To peek or not to peek was Tuchman's question. She swallowed hard and peeked. The experience has taught her a lesson, however: she has destroyed her own private papers. Says Tuchman: "I don't think I would wish to have my life pried into, and I don't intend to leave anything behind except my professional work."

Tuchman is less Victorian than she sounds; had she been writing about F.D.R., she admits, she would have mentioned his mistress. The public has no right to pry into private matters, but the biographer does. If this causes distress, the writer should turn to a gentler profession. The biographer may wish to leave out the raw details, but to omit the earthy facts about a person is to leave out half the life. Virginia Woolf would seem less real to us, for instance, if Quentin Bell had averted his eyes, as he very nearly did, from her lesbian relationship with Vita Sackville-West. R.W.B. Lewis cleared up several mysteries surrounding Edith Wharton when he told of her strongly incestuous feelings for her father.

Yet sex is only a small part of the biographer's problem of se-



Strachey by Beerbohm

lectivity. The best biographers borrow from fiction. They decide to examine their subject's character and show the connecting threads that run through his life. Whole months and even years may be dismissed in a page or two if they fail to add significance to the pattern. "Uninterpreted truth," said Strachey, "is as useless as buried gold." Too many facts, paradoxically, obscure the essential truth and overload readers, causing a brownout somewhere between eye and cerebrum. Even if they are not worshipped, facts must be respected and treated with kindness. Or, as Critic Desmond MacCarthy phrased it: "A biographer is an artist who is on oath." Unfortunately, artists are as rare in this field as in every other. Too many biographies, particularly those written by academics, are more like collections of facts than books to be read. Sometimes, it seems, it takes as long to read a life as live one.

When a reader steps into a novel, he is walking into the writer's imagination. When he opens a biography, he is entering two lives; the subject and his biographer are like twins who will remain together until the pages turn to dust. In his newest novel, *Dubin's Lives*, Bernard Malamud examines this peculiar relationship. "How curious it is," says his biographer hero, "that as you write a man's life, how often his experiences become yours to live. This goes on from book to book: their lives evoke mine, or why do I write? I write to know the next room of my fate."

Stanford Professor Peter Stansky, whose own biography of Gladstone has just appeared, describes writing a biography as "an act of homage. You love and are committed to this person even when he is acting like a fool." The biographer must be close enough to sympathize, but far enough away to see clearly, to explain but not to defend or attack. He is literature's high-wire performer. A false step this way or that and he loses his balance—and his book.

If he walks the wire, however, and reaches the other side, everyone is rewarded. Though he may not be around to enjoy it, the subject has been accorded that rarest of all human gifts: understanding. And the book buyer has more than a good read. He has a life to examine: someone was here before him, suffered and was happy, did foolish and wise things, endured. Biographies will be read as long as people remain interested in other people.

—Gerald Clarke

Milestones

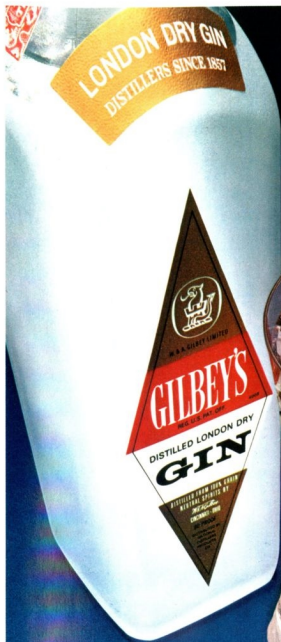
DIED, Don Iddon, 66, Britain's sassy U.S.-based columnist who for 22 years interpreted America's wiles, whims and gossip in the London *Daily Mail* and papers on five continents; of a heart attack; in New York City. By depicting America as a "Rainbow Land" filled with steak-chomping faddists and wastrels, the bumptious Iddon ("Let's face it, I'm a terrific egotist") delighted his readers and confirmed their preconceived notions of primitive Yankee ways.

DIED, Nicholas Ray, 67, moody, erratic film director; of cancer; in New York City. His first film, *They Live by Night*, won critical plaudits for its stark depiction of teen-age alienation, loneliness and savage cruelty—themes he later developed in the psychological western *Johnny Guitar* and the '50s cult film starring James Dean, *Rebel Without a Cause*. Ray's fortunes faded in Hollywood in the 1960s, not to be revived by blockbuster fiascos he made abroad.

DIED, Franz J. Polgár, 79, celebrated mesmerist and mind reader who claimed to have hypnotized more than a million people during his lifetime; of illness resulting from a brain tumor; in Miami. The Hungarian-born Polgár, who held doctorates in economics and psychology, said he discovered his telepathic powers upon recovering from amnesia and aphasia caused by World War I battle wounds. A good showman who performed on the lecture circuit, he also conducted a lifelong campaign to establish hypnosis as a scientific discipline, especially useful as a substitute for anesthesia during childbirth and in curing the smoking habit.

DIED, Leverett Saltonstall, 86, crusty Massachusetts Republican who as state house speaker (1929-36), Governor (1939-44), and U.S. Senator (1944-67) shaped policies in his increasingly Democratic state for nearly five decades; of a heart attack; in Dover, Mass. Born into a wealthy Brahmin family with 300-year-old roots in Bos-

ton and eight Massachusetts Governors among its scions, the long-jawed, rawboned "Salty" had a face so honest and distinctive it was called his best political asset. After serving 13 years in the state legislature, he won glory and the governorship by defeating Boston's scandal-tainted ex-mayor James Michael Curley in the elections of 1938. Saltonstall's cautious, plodding but scrupulous administration did much to restore Bay State confidence in elected officials, and, after being twice re-elected Governor, he moved on to the Senate. As Senator, "Old Lev" was known for his reticence ("No comment, and that's off the record"), ability to reconcile House and Senate differences, and unfailing dedication to the folks back home. He was ranking Republican on the powerful Senate Appropriations and Armed Services committees when he retired in 1967, to tend the cows and chickens on his Dover farm and be the "just plain country fellow" he always claimed to be.



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